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## AMERICA.

THE extraordinary and irrational indignation of the Northern Americans against England is the more melancholy because it is, in a certain sense, sincere. It is easy to understand that New York journalists may only wish to flatter and to excite the momentary passions of the unthinking multitude which they address; but the correspondents of the London papers, who may be supposed not to expect sympathy from readers on this side of the Atlantic, almost unanimously adopt the insolent language of their noisy and unreasonable countrymen. The people of England are assured that no future expressions or proofs of goodwill can ever obliterate the resentment which has been produced by the neutrality of their Government between the Northern and Southern States. They are reminded that the United States neither recognised the belligerent rights of the Sepoy mutineers, nor armed privateers under Russian letters of marque to plunder the commerce of England. It is useless to answer that America might as well have interfered with a civil war in the moon as with the remote contest at Delhi or Lucknow. On the other hand, a privateer from Mobile or New Orleans may at any moment overhaul an English merchantman, and it was necessary that naval officers and consuls should know whether such an act would be legal or piratical according to the laws of England. If the Confederate flag had been treated as non-existent, any attack on English commerce under the authority which it represents must have been treated either as piracy or as a ground for demanding redress from the United States. It is not too much to say that the Government of Washington would have resented as an injury to itself any act of hostility against the seceders, whom it still claims as citizens of the Union. The shameful and causeless violence of the popular feeling would have been more excusable under almost any circumstances than on the pretext of the timely and prudent proclamation which was issued for the guidance of English subjects. The claims which are founded on the conduct of America during the Russian war display an obtuse audacity which it is difficult to characterize. It is true that the United States did not necessitate, by the employment of privateers, an immediate declaration of war by England; but all the sympathy of all their political parties was ostentatiously given to Russia. Individual Americans sometimes assert that the unfriendly policy of their successive Governments really proceeded from the animosity of the Southern States to England; yet the feeling of the country and the acts of the Legislature have been doubly hostile since the North has been left to itself. The Morrill tariff was principally aimed at English commerce; and Mr. SEWARD, in repeatedly threatening a future attack on Canada, has only continued the course which, in common with his party, he has long pursued in the United States Senate.

The ostensible charge against England consists in the reiterated assertion that the position of the seceding States has been altogether mistaken. The journalists and stump-orators who have spent their lives in glorifying the original rebellion against the mother country, complain that rebels—or, if the phrase is preferred, traitors—are mistaken for genuine belligerents. The reflection that a civil war is, after all, a war, seems to be too recondite for politicians intoxicated with vanity and singularly deficient in that self-respect which is closely connected with tolerance and justice. The English Government and nation have not attempted to justify the secession, nor has the future recognition of the Southern Union been intimated as probable, although it may easily be foreseen. The rebellion which requires all the power of the United States to resist certainly partakes of the nature of a civil war. The possession by the revolutionary Government of a territory larger than France may not

perhaps justify the secession, or even augur its ultimate success, but it would be absurd for England to treat a Federation of ten or eleven organized States as a knot of individual rebels. If the Northern Americans continue to change their opinions with their recent rapidity, it is by no means improbable that within a twelvemonth Mr. LINCOLN may recognise his rival at Montgomery, even if his Secretary of State does not invite Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS to join in a war against England. The Democrats who have governed the United States for the last twenty years cannot be wholly extinct, either in their persons or their opinions. Mr. BUCHANAN, who was their nominee and one of their leaders, as official representative of the United States treated the leaders of the secession with studied deference and courtesy. His Republican successor, for some months after his election, abstained from pledging himself to coercion, and Mr. SEWARD protested in the strongest language against all attempts to subjugate the South. Nothing has changed except the volatile mind of the excitable multitude; for the ludicrous transaction at Fort Sumter is a far less valid cause of war than the formal secession of the Southern States and their consolidation into a new Confederacy. The crime of England is that an opinion which was universal in America two months ago has not been abandoned in deference to the sudden gyration of Northern feeling. The United States officers still recognise their adversaries as open enemies, and whenever they can control their troops they will undoubtedly conduct hostilities according to the laws of war. It is only when the Confederate flag comes in collision with neutrals that belligerents are suddenly reduced to the condition of pirates.

The Southern officers of the army and navy have, almost without exception, preferred their State allegiance to their duties to the Union. The magistrates, the corporations, the local Legislatures, and all other visible authorities, have unanimously cast in their lot with the Confederacy in which they were placed. The right or claim which they are enforcing has been uniformly vindicated by the Democrats of the North, and yet it is pretended that the united South is but a nest of exceptional traitors. The unparalleled levity with which public opinion has veered round still throws considerable doubt on the serious character of the war. All dispassionate spectators perceive that the complete success of the Northern Government is impossible, and many causes will tend to abate the excitement which has recently blinded the people and their leaders. A war can only be conducted in definite places for assignable purposes, and a campaign must have a tangible object as well as a motive or provocation. General SCOTT's movements are perfectly intelligible as long as he protects Washington and covers the friendly district of Western Virginia. It is also possible that he may wish to recover the Federal navy yard at Norfolk, or even to punish the enemy by occupying for a time the State capital at Richmond. In Kentucky and Missouri there is a Unionist party to support, and generally it may be assumed that those parts of the Border which are unsuited to slave labour will probably be reclaimed by the Union. On the other hand, a march into the heart of the Gulf States would be as purposeless as it would probably be ruinous. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, knowing his inferiority in men and money, will not seek defeat by advancing to the North, and in his proper territory he is invincible, or rather he is safe from attack.

There are still stronger reasons against a war on a great scale, inasmuch as it can only be carried on with a great standing army. It is easier to bluster about half a million of men than to feed and pay 100,000. The people of the United States are little accustomed to taxes, nor will it be easy to incur a large debt which would be repudiated as soon

as it became necessary to provide for the interest. If the sacrifice were undergone, the Republic would have provided itself with a master, in the form of an alien body of veteran mercenaries. The rank and file of the regular army will be Irish, with, perhaps, an admixture of Germans; and, as Americans are well aware, no race is either braver or more indifferent to constitutional forms. If the South were conquered, the army could not be disbanded; for it would be necessary to retain the seceders by force within the Union which reclaimed them. The most sanguine Northern politician can scarcely believe that the slaveowners will be henceforth conciliated by concessions such as those which were scornfully rejected when they were eagerly put forth by the Republicans. The formal recognition of Slavery, Fugitive Slave-laws, pledges of perpetual non-interference with the institution, might have been extorted in profusion from the terrors of the North if the secession had not been deliberately preferred to any form of compromise. From first to last, the friends of the Union have misunderstood their position and their prospects; nor is there the smallest reason to adopt with implicit faith the views which they unanimously repudiated until the whole country was absorbed by a sudden paroxysm of indignation.

#### INDIAN COUNCILS.

**I**T was not without reason that Sir CHARLES WOOD expressed considerable hesitation and misgiving in introducing in one night into the House of Commons three Bills, changing the legislative, the judicial, and the administrative machinery of India. The futility of Parliamentary interference in Indian affairs could scarcely have been exemplified in a more striking way. Nor have the debates, either on the introduction of the Bills or on the second reading, done anything to show that the House of Commons can exercise any real control over the SECRETARY OF STATE. No one seriously opposed the measures of the Government, and what is still more significant, no one either threw any light on their probable effect or strongly advocated them. Lord STANLEY, representing the Opposition, gave a general adhesion to their purport; and when all chance of a party conflict was thus removed, the success of the Bills was decided. Sir CHARLES WOOD was able to say that his measures had received the approval, not only of the Governor-General, who had suggested the bulk of their contents, but also of a great majority of eminent Indians. This satisfied, and ought to have satisfied, the House, which has the sense to feel its own incompetence and the modesty not to conceal its indifference. The amalgamation of the Sudder and the Supreme Courts has long been recommended, and no one can doubt that this part of Sir CHARLES WOOD's scheme will produce great and immediate good. We have one set of judges in India who know, or are supposed to know, the principles and practice of English law, and another set of judges who know the language, customs, and laws of the people of India; and it is obvious that, by helping each other, these two sets of judges can do much more for India than if they worked separately. The intended alteration in the position of the Covenanted Service still remains to be discussed in Committee; but the House of Commons has virtually accepted the proposal for a new legislative machinery. Sir CHARLES WOOD's scheme is based on two leading principles—that resident unofficial Europeans, and still more that the higher class of natives, should be called on to take a part in general legislation, and that the local affairs of each Presidency shall be managed by itself. Some change in the constitution of the present legislative system is imperatively called for. The Council instituted by Sir CHARLES WOOD has proved, as its author confesses, an utter failure. Calcutta has been at once amused, astonished, and shocked by the strange spectacle of two of the Judges of the Supreme Court leading an opposition to the measures of the Government. This at least has been provided against for the future. In the new Council that is to supersede that which exists at present, no judge is to have a seat unless the Governor-General specially invites him to fill one; and the experience of the Governor-General will probably lead him to confine the attention of the judges to their judicial work. It ought, however, always to be remembered that the Council which may now be considered defunct has been most successful so far as it has confined itself to law-making. It would be difficult to show that the more important measures which it has

passed into law during the last seven years could have been more carefully prepared or more ably discussed.

The future Legislative Council of India is to be composed in this way:—The ordinary Council of the Governor-General is to be increased by the addition of a legal member; and when this Council meets for the purpose of making laws and regulations, the Governor-General will summon a set of persons who will only belong to the Council for that particular purpose. These extra members are not to be of a fixed number, but may vary between six and twelve, at the pleasure of the Governor-General. There must be six, and there cannot be more than twelve; and of those appointed, at least one half must be persons not holding any official position under Government. These members are to be on the list of the Council for one year, and then their power will be at an end, unless the Governor-General chooses to reappoint them. Apparently, it is contemplated that this Council shall hold its sittings in different parts of India, in order to ascertain the opinions and represent the wishes of natives who have no connexion with Calcutta. But we should imagine that so very inconvenient a plan as that of carrying a great Council from place to place will only be resorted to in exceedingly exceptional instances. There can be no doubt that this Council will offer an opportunity both to the European settlers and to the natives of taking a part in the government of the country, great enough to interest them, and not great enough to give them preponderating influence. But we do not quite understand how Sir CHARLES WOOD thinks that he has guarded against the danger of this Council becoming what he terms a debating society, and departing from its proper functions of law-making. All laws imposing taxes, for instance, will be submitted to it, and any member can oppose the imposition of the tax until something that he chooses to consider a grievance has been redressed. This is exactly what happened at Calcutta. The opponents of the Government in the Council professed that they were only engaged in law-making. They were asked to impose new taxes, and they said that they could not acquiesce in burdening the people of India until they knew that the burden was necessary, and that, to be sure of this, they must have the Mysore grant explained. The only security that the Government will have against obstructions of this sort under the new arrangement is, that the malcontents will be sure to be outvoted. The Government will be practically omnipotent in the Council, because the official extraordinary members, when acting in conjunction with the ordinary members, will greatly outnumber the independent and unofficial extraordinary members; and as any malcontent can be removed at the end of a year, his opposition must very soon come to a close. But this is only saying that the Council will be, in appearance, a free deliberative assembly, while really it will be under the control of the Government. This seems to us to be a serious drawback to the scheme. It may tend, in a lamentable degree, to lower the character of the higher officials in India. An educated and honourable Englishman feels degraded by having to speak and vote as his superiors bid him; and even if he were to put up with this degradation as a political necessity, he could not help regretting what he did, and feeling lowered by doing it.

Besides this Supreme Legislative Council, there is to be a local council in each of the three Presidencies, one in the Punjab, and possibly one in Pegu. These local Councils are to be exact copies of the Supreme Council, and are to be formed by the Governor of each Presidency summoning a group of extraordinary members to aid his ordinary council in making laws and regulations. There is to be the same restriction as to numbers, and the same distribution of official and unofficial members. These local bodies are only to handle local affairs. The public works, the canals, the railways, and the irrigation of each Presidency are to be entirely under their control; but Imperial questions affecting the whole of India are to be left to the Supreme Council. The debt and finances of India, for example, the Custom duties, and the strength and disposition of the troops, are subjects with which the local Councils will have nothing to do. When we take these extreme instances, it seems perfectly clear that the provinces of the Supreme and the local Councils can be kept distinct. That the Madras Council should settle the direction of the Madras railroads, and that the Supreme Council should determine what is to be the rate of duty on European imports, is exceedingly simple. But it is obvious that a thousand questions will soon arise in which the conflict of jurisdiction will lead to great difficulty.

ties, and then either the Presidencies will gradually become distinct dependencies, or they will require and receive nearly as much supervision on the part of the Central authority as at present. There is no way of escaping this dilemma, except that which can be found in practice by entrusting the determination of the respective provinces of the higher and the subordinate Councils to men of ability and judgment, all agreed to work to a common end. It is conceivable that the sphere of their duties might be assigned to these two assemblies with such nicety of adjustment and such provision of future consequences, that antagonism might not show itself before custom and tradition had imprinted on the general mind of India a conception of what these local Councils could or could not do. Everything depends on the men to whom the first working of the measure is confided.

## ITALY.

**T**HOSE who are best qualified to judge seem to agree that the King of ITALY has selected in Baron RICASOLI the fittest successor to CAVOUR. The new Minister contributed largely to the establishment of the kingdom by the ability which he displayed in the Government of Tuscany after the Peace of Villafranca, at a crisis of extraordinary difficulty. It was in the highest degree important to secure the Central provinces both against revolution and against reaction, until the occasion for amalgamating with Piedmont had arrived. The Emperor of the FRENCH was ostensibly favourable to the recall of the GRAND DUKE, and he was more seriously disappointed by the failure of Prince NAPOLEON in his candidature for a dependent throne at Florence. The wishes and intentions of Sardinia were plainly expressed, but it would have been impossible to effect the annexation if the Tuscans themselves had been either too hasty or too backward in the display of their Italian sympathies. RICASOLI and FARINI share with CAVOUR the honour of having advanced the frontiers of the kingdom to the borders of the Roman Marches and of the Patrimony of St. Peter, and it is unfortunate that political or personal differences should separate, for the present, the two former, who are certainly among the ablest of Italian Statesmen. But it was necessary to make a choice, and RICASOLI is probably better qualified for his office than any competitor. The former Dictator of the Emilian Provinces will find many openings for his ability and patriotism, and even if he conducts a Parliamentary Opposition, his moderation and good faith will tend to reduce hostilities within safe and reasonable limits. The new Minister of War, General MENABREA, enjoys a high reputation, and some of the subordinate members of the Cabinet are said to be remarkable for their administrative capacity.

A skilful Minister may derive considerable support from the authority of CAVOUR now that it has finally been confirmed by his death. Popular opinion is always liable to vary during the continuance of a great career, but it is for the most part fixed and perpetuated at the point when the opportunity of further experience is suddenly withdrawn. Sir ROBERT PEEL was greatly respected during the latest period of his life, but he was also subject to incessant and virulent attacks. The accident which deprived the country of his guidance finally closed the mouths of his assailants, while it deepened, and in some degree idealized, the enthusiasm and gratitude of the country at large. His name has ever since been inseparably associated with the policy which he finally adopted, and contending parties still dispute the comparative conformity of their respective measures to the principles which he sanctioned. Of the benefits which Count CAVOUR bestowed on his countrymen, Free-trade forms only a secondary portion. The far higher service of reconstituting a nation is now all but unanimously attributed to the statesman who was lately accused of timidity, of time-serving, and of lukewarmness. MAZZINI still protests on behalf of the Republican party, not against the results which have been attained, but against their incompleteness, and against the means by which they have been accomplished. On the whole, however, it may be said that Italian opinion approves of the postponement of the Austrian war, and of the prudent deference to France which has been made compatible with a formal reservation of the right of Italy to its capital. The imprecations of the bigots and hypocrites who "see the finger of God in the death of CAVOUR" will go far to convince all true Italians that the terror of the Vatican can scarcely have been at the same time a secret accomplice of the priesthood. Foreigners can appreciate not less fully the good sense

of combining opportune pliancy with vigour which was never wanting at the proper moment. The example of CAVOUR will convince the inexperienced politicians of Italy that ability and vigilance are more fruitful of advantage than barren formulas or sentiments about unity, God, and the people.

The new Ministry has already pledged itself to continue the armaments which ought to relieve Italy from all foreign dictation and control. The late Government had adopted a part of GARIBALDI's proposal, and within a year 300,000 men ought to be ready for defensive or aggressive war. The Italians are no longer children, to believe that foreign bayonets can be baffled by popular daggers. The nucleus of the army is excellent, and the Lombards and Tuscans are already worthy to take their place in the ranks by the side of the Piedmontese. When Naples and Sicily both contribute their share of soldiers, and cease to require the presence of powerful garrisons, the emancipation of Rome and Venice will not be much longer postponed. The formation of the army may be carried on contemporaneously with the negotiations which will be best facilitated by the knowledge that it is largely increasing in strength. A new Minister may perhaps obtain a hearing when he offers the Holy See the most liberal bargain which is still within its reach. In the more important and complicated transactions with the French EMPEROR, Baron RICASOLI may be trusted to keep in view the certainty of ultimate success and the consequent inexpediency of a premature compromise. It is far better to wait for some new change in French policy than to acquiesce in any compromise by which the POPE could retain the temporal sovereignty of Rome.

The rumours of a final arrangement between the Courts of France and Italy are probably premature. The Emperor NAPOLEON is suspected of having lately shown less disinclination to support the temporal power of the Papacy; and if he is about to recognise VICTOR EMMANUEL by his new title, a price will be exacted or asked for the concession. No eagerness to occupy Rome ought to precipitate the decision of the Italian Government in favour of an immediate settlement of the question. A guarantee to the POPE of the possession of Rome would lead to inextricable difficulties, and it would be better to wait for an opportunity of treating with a more manageable incumbent than to accept any arrangement with which PIUS IX. is likely to be satisfied. The objection to a bargain will be far stronger if the purchase money of Rome is to be paid, not to an Italian prelate, but to a foreign intruder. The reasons which render French designs on Sardinia improbable are founded on good faith, on justice, and on the public law of Europe; but on the other side of the argument is the map, which shows that the island would continue a natural bridge half way across the Mediterranean to Algeria. Within a year, some of the Paris newspapers have pointed out the law of nature, which, according to French analogies, assigns the rightful possession of Genoa to the owner of Toulon and Nice. It would not be difficult for the same publicists to prove that Sardinia is logically an appendage of Corsica, or perhaps to suggest the acceptance of the island in consideration of the abandonment of all claim to the Ligurian coast. It is scarcely necessary to show that Baron RICASOLI would commit both a mistake and a crime in exchanging an acre of Italian soil for any real or supposed political advantage. Count CAVOUR was pledged against any territorial sacrifice, not only by his frequent professions, but also by the impossibility of repeating the most questionable transaction of his life. His successor would be universally condemned if he were to allow GARIBALDI, who has already been deprived of his birthplace, to be hunted out of his modest residence in the Sardinian waters. France cannot be too early or too positively informed that further diplomatic spoliation of Italy is withdrawn from the field of discussion. In Rome, the French army nominally represents a prince who is at least an Italian potentate; and the position of the POPE is so unnatural and so unwelcome to himself and his adherents, that some change for the better must sooner or later occur. A province once annexed by France is lost for ever, as Corsica and Nice have been separated from Italy, and Alsace and Lorraine from Germany. The continuance of the present system would alienate the Italian people from the Holy See, and reduce the POPE to the condition of a Pretender supported in an invasion from abroad by a foreign garrison. The Roman question has been admirably useful in serving as a pretext or justification for abstinence from a premature attack on Venetia. If nothing

can be done with France, the next year may probably witness a war with Austria. Success in either quarter would promote the success of the enterprise which might have been for the time postponed. For the present, Italy may afford to wait with the confidence of an expectant owner, who knows that, although delays and disappointments may intervene, he has a vested reversion in the property.

#### THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL COMMISSION.

**T**HREE was a considerable demand for a Commission of Inquiry into Public Schools, and the Government therefore have done quite right, in the interest of the schools themselves, in appointing one. But now that the Commission is granted, it is a little difficult to say what its exact vocation is to be; and there is some danger lest, in the absence of any obvious vocation of its own, it should assume one which does not belong to it. It will, of course, be charged with the double function of inquiry and recommendation. While anything remains unascertained in regard to the tenure or application of public endowments, it is due alike to the community and to the institutions themselves, which invariably degenerate in the absence of public supervision, that full inquiry should be made. But this province has been pretty well exhausted by the Reports of the successive Charity Commissions, and, as regards Eton and Winchester, by the Oxford and Cambridge Commissions, under which those schools fall as appendages of New College and King's College. In the case of Winchester, not only has there been full inquiry, but considerable changes have been made by the Parliamentary Commission in the application of the revenues, and in other respects, the beneficial effects of which are already beginning to be felt in the improvement of the school. In the case of Eton, the Parliamentary Commissioners declined, apparently from weariness and discouragement, to make any material improvements—an unhappy circumstance, which we believe no one regretted more than the Provost and Fellows of Eton themselves. The state of Westminster is well known to all, and by all deplored.

There is indeed a fair question, even in the case of Winchester, whether more might not be done in the way of suppressing useless places and converting their emoluments to the purposes of education. The Oxford Commissioners have cut away four of the ten sinecure fellowships, and founded out of their emoluments an additional number of scholarships and a number of exhibitions for "commoners." But the remaining fellowships, though the conditions of election to them have been improved, have not been secured to any very useful purpose. And what is to be said of the wardenship? The warden was originally the active governor of the institution. He has now, by the operation of that tendency to draw emoluments upwards and thrust duties downwards which is inherent in all endowed institutions, become a sort of celestial Emperor of JAPAN, while the work is really done by his nominal subordinate, the Head Master. If he did anything, under present circumstances, he would do mischief. So strongly is this felt, that it is understood to have actually determined the choice of the electors in a recent election in favour of a man who was sure to be content with repose against a man who had given assurance of activity by many years of arduous and meritorious service. We hope that this fact, if it be a fact, may be elicited in the course of the inquiry, and that a stop may be put to a system which appears, in the judgment of those who administer it, to necessitate not only great waste but great injustice. The ground for attempting a better employment of the revenues is, of course, still stronger in the case of Eton than in the case of Winchester; since at Eton the Provostship and all the sinecure Fellowships still flourish in unpruned luxuriance. The Provostship of Eton, however, being in the gift of the responsible Minister of the Crown, is better bestowed, and has therefore been more useful to the community, than the Wardenship of New College, which is in the gift of one of those fatal conclaves which are the graves of justice and the scourges of merit.

All this, however, forms but a limited sphere for the action of the Royal Commission; and our fear is that, for lack of work, they may proceed to legislate on the subject-matter of English public-school education. Such, indeed, we apprehend to be the object of some of the promoters of the Commission. Public education is at this moment unquestionably in a transition state. A great change

has taken place since the period at which the present system was framed in the position and importance of the Classics. During that period, the Classics were in fact the only polite literature in existence, and therefore the only possible subjects for the education of a gentleman. The choice was not between them and the philosophers, historians, and poets of modern times, but between them on the one hand, and mediæval schoolmen, chroniclers, or versifiers on the other. The development of the modern languages and the growth of their literature have now thrust the Classics from their solitary supremacy; and another great revolution has been produced in the intellectual world and in the conditions of education by the birth of modern science. On the other hand, after a reign of three centuries, the Classics have taken a deep hold on the intellectual allegiance of the world. They have formed modern thought—even political thought—and modern writers to a greater extent than is commonly supposed; and they are, and must always remain, the indispensable key to much of that which they have formed. The Greek and Latin languages have also proved, as the most perfect organs of human intelligence, to have a value, as instruments of mental training, which those who introduced them into our schools and colleges for the sake of the treasures of knowledge and beauty which they contained, were far from suspecting them to possess. They have actually formed men superior in general aptitude, in sense, and in taste to any who have as yet been formed in any other school, though obviously wanting in some things which modern languages and scientific training would supply. As Mr. BUCKLE displays his want of acquaintance with Roman history by informing us that, fortunately for the interests of mankind, to which morality is a notorious enemy, the Stoics never attained political power, we may conclude that he did not receive a Classical education. If he had, certain deficiencies which are among his most glaring literary characteristics, would perhaps have been corrected, while his excessive self-conceit would certainly have been tempered by the discipline of a public school. He would have been taught better than to devote, as he does, three or four pages of his last volume to a portraiture of himself as a great man, and a most deeply interesting character, who might, if he pleased, be the leader of the House of Commons, but who prefers, with a touching devotion to the interests of his kind, to be the founder of a great school of thought.

Placed between conflicting claims and influences, public education is at this moment in an uncertain and transition state. The universal introduction of modern languages, and the general introduction of science, into schools and Universities, proves that, while the old elements of education are still retained, the new are recognised, and are gradually advancing to their proper place. The question between the relative claims of the Classics, modern literature, and science, as instruments of education, will be gradually solved, as all such questions are solved in countries where opinion reigns, by public opinion, formed on comparative experience, and registered by those who devote their attention to the practice or theory of education. It may not be at present possible to foresee exactly what course things will take, but, if left to the operation of nature, they will certainly take that course which the exigencies of society point out, and which the intelligence of an enlightened community approves. Mere mischief would be done if Government were to cut short the process of deliberation which society is going through, and which will infallibly bring it in the end to mature and wise decision, by throwing the weight of political power into the wavering scale. We have had every proof which the success of our own principle, and the disastrous results of the principle adopted by other countries, can give us, of the expediency of keeping education out of the hands of the bureaucrat, and in the hands of the parent and the schoolmaster. If endowments obstruct the natural course of improvement by breeding sinecurism and guaranteeing their holders against the consequences of defying public opinion, it will be the business of the Royal Commission to recommend measures for the removal of the obstacle. The history of endowed institutions proves, with lamentable certainty, that there may well be room for beneficial interference in this direction. But it is not the business of this Commission, or of any organ of Government in this country, to supersede the workings of the national intelligence in intellectual matters, and to do for educated society that which educated society can do much better for itself.

## FRENCH ARMAMENTS AND ENGLISH PEACE-MONGERS.

**M**R. LINDSAY was particularly unlucky the other day in arguing from the figures of the French Navy Estimates to the actual naval expenditure of the Imperial Government. The inference must have seemed at the time painfully inconclusive to all persons who have ever endeavoured to comprehend the facts and figures of Napoleonic finance; but we have now proof positive of its worthlessness. Since the member for Sunderland's attempt to persuade us that France could not possibly be building the iron ships which Admiral ELLIOT saw on the stocks with his own eyes, because, among other reasons, he (Mr. LINDSAY) "had analyzed the expenditure of the French navy," and found it remarkably moderate, we have had a curious illustration of the value of French official arithmetic. Within the past few days, the Legislative Body has been engaged in discussing the Budget; and it has come out that the Government has considerably more ships and sailors in commission, and more soldiers under arms, than are enumerated and provided for in the year's estimates. It was asserted by M. OLLIVIER and other speakers, and it was tacitly or expressly admitted by the Ministers, that the navy is at this moment stronger by 110 ships and 12,000 seamen than would appear from the official accounts, and that the army actually on foot numbers 67,000 men and 12,000 horses in excess of the estimates. The aggregate cost of this illicit surplusage of naval and military force was calculated by M. GOUIN at upwards of five millions sterling, to be met by the expedients of extraordinary and supplementary credits so familiar to Imperial financiers. We do not observe that any one of these assertions was contradicted by the Government speakers; and the most material of them were explicitly confirmed. M. MAGNE acknowledged that "there were 67,000 more men 'under arms than were enumerated in the estimates," but added, by way of explanation, that the increase was purely "accidental and temporary." The extra 110 ships and 12,000 seamen would doubtless admit of an equally satisfactory apology.

It is no new discovery that Napoleonic financiers understand their business better than to permit inconvenient facts to stand out too prominently on the face of their accounts; but we could hardly have looked for so opportune an exposure of a pleasing delusion. This little incident may perhaps have its use in inculcating a prudent and wholesome distrust of our excellent ally in quarters where hitherto Imperial assertions have found a blind belief. Another time Mr. LINDSAY will, it may be hoped, hesitate about relying on French official figures to disprove positively attested facts. He might, however, have been warned against the error of denying or underrated the aggressive naval preparations of France if he had but taken counsel with one whom he at least must recognise as an authority in these matters. If he had only consulted Mr. COBDEN before contradicting Admiral ELLIOT's statement about the new iron-cased ships, he would have been told that it was probably correct, and that he had better not commit himself without inquiring further. Mr. COBDEN, at any rate—as we gather from his late speech at the Guildhall on receiving the freedom of the City—has ceased to believe in the Empire of Peace, and, in particular, is profoundly and painfully impressed with the magnitude of the naval armaments going forward on the other side of the Channel. Mr. LINDSAY may deprecate "unnecessary alarm," but it is clear that the Apostle of Peace and Free-trade does not consider the alarm as, by any means unnecessary. It is enough to read his speech to the citizens to see that, in his opinion, the preparations of the French Government for a maritime war are perfectly real, and formidable beyond all precedent or example. The functionary who officiated on the occasion as the mouthpiece of the Corporation had discoursed in the old style about "the recent treaty having drawn more closely the bonds of the Anglo-French alliance," and about the propriety of laying aside "mistrust and suspicion of our neighbour and 'ally';" but the pleasing and familiar sentiment failed to call forth the appropriate response. Mr. COBDEN did not venture to assert that his treaty had, in point of fact, done anything whatever to cement the so-called alliance; nor did he profess a particle of confidence in the neighbour and ally who is the victim of so much unmerited mistrust and suspicion. On the contrary, we are plainly told that he regards the relations existing between England and France "with disappointment, if not with dismay;" and he justifies this melancholy avowal by pointing to those enormous naval

armaments which he does not deny that the French EMPEROR was the first to commence, and which England has notoriously undertaken only in self-defence. "Probably at no time in our history—I say it advisedly—had France and England so large a warlike preparation in the only means of war by which they can be brought into collision as at this moment in a time of peace. It is not too much to say that at no period of history were France and England ever so prepared by formidable naval forces for hostile operations against each other as at present." And things are still going on from bad to worse. There is no pause on either side. The attitude of each country towards the other is one of "constantly increasing menace and defiance." Matters have, in truth, come to such a pass that the Commercial Treaty is practically worthless as a guarantee of peace, and is really almost "a mockery." It is evident that Mr. COBDEN must have listened in pitying wonder to the attempts of his friend Mr. LINDSAY to cast discredit on Admiral ELLIOT's report of what was going on in the French EMPEROR's dockyards.

That Mr. COBDEN includes both countries and both Governments in one sweeping and indiscriminate censure in no way affects the value of his testimony for the purpose for which alone we quote it. All we are concerned with is the fact that NAPOLEON III. is constantly adding to an already prodigious naval force which can have no conceivable use or object unless it is to be some day employed in a war with England; and to this fact Mr. COBDEN testifies with a distinctness and vehemence rarely displayed by an unwilling witness. We need not reproduce his moralizings on a state of things which, as he justly remarks, presents a "saddening" contradiction to the jubilant hopes with which peacemongers welcomed his Commercial Treaty. Nor shall we waste words in showing that his plaintive remonstrances are addressed entirely to the wrong quarter when they are urged before an audience of British tax-payers, and that his affectation of impartiality in throwing the blame equally on "the Governments of these two great countries" is transparently disingenuous. He perfectly well knows—and, indeed, he does not attempt to deny—that the rivalry which he denounces originated exclusively with the Government of one of the two great countries, and that the other has simply accepted, tardily and reluctantly, a challenge which it would have been madness to decline. We merely cite him as a witness to a fact which his political friends systematically choose to deny, and which they doubtless try hard to disbelieve. In this point of view he leaves us nothing to desire. We have the positive assurance of the author of the Commercial Treaty, and of the French EMPEROR's confidential friend and adviser, that France is accumulating a colossal naval force with the view of menacing and defying England. He doubtless deplores the universal mistrust with which Englishmen view the character and policy of a sagacious Sovereign who makes liberal treaties of commerce and abolishes passports; but he shows that that distrust is thoroughly well-founded. He bewails the counter preparations with which England meets the hostile demonstrations of a potentate who has only one possible use for an iron-cased fleet; but, far from asserting that we are taking gratuitous precautions against an imaginary danger, his own words prove that the danger is real and that the precautions are necessary. Though his testimony is perfectly superfluous when we have the Surveyor-General of the French navy boasting to the Legislative Body that France has increased her steam fleet in four years from 192 ships and 2747 guns, to 291 ships and 5119 guns, we are, nevertheless, for more than one reason, glad to have it. It is to be hoped that Mr. COBDEN's friends and admirers will at least pay him the compliment of accepting his assertions on a matter of fact, and that Mr. COBDEN himself will never be tempted by the exigencies of platform rhetoric to retract evidence alike disinterested and valuable.

## THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE Civil Service Commissioners have lately presented an Annual Report, in which they very properly take themselves and their system for granted. It is desirable as well as customary that public servants in every department should cultivate, within certain limits, the natural disposition to magnify their office. The humblest duties of routine are more cheerfully discharged when the functionary who performs them idealizes his occupation into an indispensable element of the national administration. The stately door-

keepers of the House of Commons are evidently sustained in their monotonous vigils by a belief that they belong to the same constitutional system which includes the Speaker and the Prime Minister himself.

When you played Hamlet, sir, I played the cock—

nor would the subordinate actor crow with equal spirit and effect if he regarded his own share in the performance with sceptical indifference. The ablest men are perhaps most disposed to attach exceptional importance to the special business on which they are officially employed; and it is not wonderful that the Civil Service Commissioners, with their accomplished staff, should be inclined to contemplate man almost exclusively as an examinable animal. The useful or innocent function of ascertaining that nominees have received a decent education is evidently regarded in the office only as a transition to a Chinese millennium, in which every servant of the State will be appointed exclusively by literary competition.

The Report commences with a complimentary review of the document which Lord STANLEY last year forced on the dissentient minority of the House of Commons Committee in defiance of the evidence. The Commissioners judiciously abstain from noticing the concurrent testimony of all heads of departments to the effect that the new system has in some instances been found pernicious, while it has nowhere produced any appreciable benefit. The Report concludes, somewhat oddly, with a quotation from Mr. MILL's work on *Representative Government*. It affords the Commissioners no slight satisfaction to find their opinions "supported by a writer so distinguished for his political and "philosophical knowledge," &c. It is to be hoped that public departments will not follow the precedent of vindicating their own claims to an increase of power by the authority either of Parliamentary Committees or of eminent writers. An essay by the Board of Inland Revenue on the advantages of stamps or of excise duties would probably not command general popularity or respect.

The fundamental dogma of the sect of which the Commissioners are the appointed priests is maintained in a remarkable argument which they borrow from their able and learned Secretary. Mr. MAITLAND, with all the enthusiasm of the poet who showed that drinking was the fundamental process of the universe, proved to the Committee of the House of Commons that the subtle principle of competition insinuates itself unawares into the most deliberate old-fashioned job. "In the last century there may have been "competition in the way of bribery; that I mention only "as one of the ways, and I mention it to put it aside. "Next, there may be competition in the way of influence—"that is to say, A. or B. may be selected, not because he is "the fitter man for the appointment, but in order to gratify "or reward some one else. There may be competition in "the way of testimonials. . . . Therefore, setting aside "these three methods, I cannot help thinking that any "person entrusted with the duty of giving appointments "would be landed according to my notion in the "principle of competitive examination."

The thirsty Earth drinks up the rain,  
And drinks, and thirsts for drink again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.

There is competition wherever there is choice, and the ancient type of free will—the ass between two bundles of hay—might, by a similar deduction, be landed in the principle of competitive examination. Mr. MAITLAND is too logical to deny that competition, in precisely the same sense, exists wherever a private employer bestows an appointment in his own service. Nevertheless, experience seems to show that character, parentage, and private recommendation furnish better securities for conduct in ordinary employments than any examination paper. In a public office, as in a counting-house, the duties require no extraordinary abilities or attainments, nor is there the smallest reason to expect that a prizeman will be preferable to a nominee. If competition is generally adopted, the social position of every class of public servants will be gradually but inevitably lowered. The head boy of a charity-school will beat the average tradesman's son in a contest which will raise the humbler candidate into the middle class, while his competitors find themselves already there. In many instances, it is far more important that a clerk should be gently born and bred than that he should possess any remarkable ability, and the salary which will tempt a clever aspirant from an inferior class can offer little

inducement to a wrangler or a medallist. The list of candidates for the Indian Civil Service from the English Universities conclusively proves the impossibility of attracting into the field young men who can hope for any considerable success at home. Scholars of small colleges, and first classmen in the *Little go*, are pitted against competitors who are probably the boast of "Dollar Academy, Stirlingshire," or "Marischal College, Aberdeen." It is satisfactory to find that "clerks in collieries," or on "railways," "assistants to farmers," and "warehousemen," have not as yet been generally successful in the contest to which all the world has been invited. On the other hand, several schoolmasters and ushers have found an escape from English drudgery into Indian administration. Among the parents of candidates are to be found bakers, butchers, druggists, pawnbrokers, and printers; and few serious and competent judges will doubt that it was better that India should be governed by the hereditary class of gentlemen who acquired at Haileybury an education which was something more than a training for examination. It was not to be expected that the Commissioners should refer to the arguments which appear to the great majority of educated and impartial observers conclusive against a general system of competition for office. As, however, they are practically pledged to one side in the controversy, it would perhaps have been better that they should have confined themselves to facts and statistics.

The examination papers appear, on a cursory view, to be fairly and skilfully composed, nor is it possible to avoid a certain admixture of those puzzling questions which disturb Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE's repose. The correspondence displays readiness, controversial ability, and untiring vigour and industry. Mr. MAITLAND perhaps transcends the conventional boundaries of red tape when he retorts on the disatisfied Post-Office whimsical specimens of the orthography of letter-carriers, and when he comments sarcastically on the preference of police magistrates for domestic servants as ushers in their courts. Notwithstanding the incredulity of official purists, the training of a servant in a gentleman's family is almost the only process by which any of the lower classes are likely to acquire the courtesy, the tact, and the bearing which best qualify an attendant in a police court for dealing with its habitual frequenters. It is possible that the best of these humble functionaries might be guilty of many errors in style and in spelling if he were required to write an essay on the mode of dealing with an intoxicated woman who comes to ask how she is to obtain redress against a husband who has beaten her.

The most important papers in the Appendix refer to the provisions for instructing Indian civilians in the rudiments of jurisprudence. Some of the local Governments are already looking forward to the risk of an agitation for the preference of native judges over Englishmen who, notwithstanding their vast moral superiority, may have acquired less technical knowledge of law. If the sons of butchers and pawnbrokers hereafter find their way into the service it will be still more difficult to resist the pretensions of the natives. In the meantime, the Commissioners have done their best to secure some knowledge of law on the part of the future civilians; and in requiring them to attend English Courts, and to take notes of the proceedings, they show sound practical judgment. Among English departments, the Commissioners seem to have most difficulty with the Post-Office, where Lord STANLEY of Alderley answers their demand for a definition of the age at which packet agents may be appointed by fixing a minimum of seventy. Lord STANLEY's predecessor, the Duke of ARGYLL, must have been a Postmaster after their own hearts; but it is difficult to understand why "His Grace should have decided to fix the maximum height "of letter-carriers at five feet five inches." (Report, p. 190.) It is not stated whether the regular examiners of the Commission are entrusted with the duty of applying the standard measure.

#### IRON SHIPS.

THE Duke of SOMERSET's speech on Tuesday very forcibly suggests the extreme inconvenience of having a First Lord of the Admiralty who is not in the House of Commons. If all the anxious questions which are repeated so often and with so much reason in the Lower House had met with answers as straightforward and businesslike as that which the Duke of SOMERSET gave to Lord CARNARVON, the country would have been much better informed as to the policy which the Admiralty was pursuing, and the hands of the

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Executive would have been proportionably strengthened. It is, perhaps, not altogether the fault of Lord CLARENCE PAGET that, on every possible occasion, he finds himself under the necessity of fencing with embarrassing questions. Driven on the one side by eager and incessant criticism, and hedged in on the other by the consciousness that he cannot speak with authority, it is not surprising that he has strained to the utmost the popularity he once enjoyed in the constant attempt to *finesse* with every inquiry, and to silence opponents, if possible, without committing his superiors to pledges which they might not always be disposed to redeem. The result is, that the SECRETARY to the ADMIRALTY has thoroughly used up the high reputation for candour and frankness with which he commenced his official career, and that the doubts with which all rational men permanently regard the conduct and the representations of the Board of Admiralty have been aggravated into a degree of suspicion more decided than has ever been manifested at any former period. There have been many debates on naval matters, and especially upon the critical question of the construction of iron-cased ships, since the session commenced; but until the recent statement of the Duke of SOMERSET, not one word was vouchsafed to explain what the Admiralty was doing, or the principle on which it proposed to meet the serious emergency which lies before it. At last, however, we have a genuine explanation of the views of the Board on this important subject; and commendable as the manner of the communication is, it acknowledges in substance a state of affairs which is most discreditable to those who for years past have had the government of the British navy. Of course we say this without any special reference to the present Board. All have offended alike; and the moral is that which was drawn by the Dockyard Commission, that nothing short of a reconstruction of the machinery of administration will ever restore the navy to a sound working condition.

But to return to the Duke of SOMERSET's speech. The very first statement which it contains—after the misplaced censure upon Admiral ELLIOT for publishing facts which the French Government did not care to conceal even from a British Admiral—the very first statement is that France had a considerable start of us in the construction of iron ships. If the frankness of the acknowledgment of what every one knows does credit to the honesty of the First Lord, the fact is not the less disgraceful to our Board. There is no assignable reason why France should ever have been allowed to run away with the lead in such a matter. Every advantage was on our side, and every inducement, too—for that which offered to France only the prospect of successful aggression was to us an essential part of the necessary defences of the country. However, it is something that the Admiralty, having long since been convicted by notorious facts, has had the grace to plead guilty to the charge of unpardonable procrastination.

Some other accusations are certainly met with unusual success. Lord CARNARVON had suggested that the energies of the Board had been misapplied in building ships of a now exploded pattern, and, considering the large amount of the Navy Estimates for the last three years, it was not unnatural to suppose that something had been done with the money so lavishly voted. This, we are now told, is a mistake. It is true iron-ships have not been built, but it is a calumny to accuse the Admiralty of having continued the construction of wooden vessels of the old pattern. The last three-decker was ordered in 1855, and the last two-decker in 1859. The present Board has not ordered a solitary ship of the line, and with the exception of frigates, sloops, and gun-boats, not a single wooden vessel has been put upon the stocks. The Board was charged with having neglected the best kind of ships to build others of an inferior description. The answer to the latter accusation is complete. It is true we have not built many iron-ships, but we have done even less in the construction of wooden ones. The accusation of precipitancy is triumphantly met by a plea of total inactivity. Another important admission is, that the five ships recently ordered to be cased with iron will probably prove of little value. The plan is confessed to be a mere makeshift, although these very five ships in prospect were counted by Lord CLARENCE PAGET among the twelve formidable vessels which were to be a match for the fleet of five-and-twenty which the French EMPEROR has commenced.

After all, however, the past is not worth discussing, except as affording further superabundant proof of the rottenness of our system of naval administration. Starting from the

actual position of affairs, with France far ahead, and no effectual progress being made in England, the DUKE candidly enough stated the course which he intended to take, and urged his reasons in justification. He says, in the first place, that a sudden emergency might be met, as sudden emergencies generally are met here, by a clumsy device. A number of wooden liners might be cut down into inefficient iron-cased frigates; and though this, perhaps, would be better than doing nothing, few will desire the adoption, on a large scale, of so unsatisfactory an experiment. The second alternative, which has been partially adopted, is the conversion of ships at present in frame into plated frigates. They can be lengthened and widened and flattened, we are told; but unfortunately they cannot be made with the solidity required when the scantling has been fixed without reference to the requirements which, in their converted shape, they will have to satisfy. We confess we should be gratified to hear that this second plan was to be laid aside, together with that of cutting down such fine vessels of their kind as we possess in the *Prince Albert* and other first-rates of our wooden navy. The third suggestion, and the only feasible one, is that frames should be prepared of new iron ships specially designed for the purpose of carrying an armour casing. It is here that the delay which has occurred calls for explanation; and though, of course, there is no room for any excuse for the past neglect which has caused the emergency, it must be acknowledged that there is much reason in the arguments by which the Duke of SOMERSET excuses the comparative sluggishness which still prevails. He assures us that a very brief delay will greatly add to the experience already acquired in the matter. The gratifying information is given that in a few weeks the *Warrior* will be in commission, and her first cruise in bad weather may go far to decide the proper form and the necessary dimensions of these new monsters of the deep. If the delay should really prove so short as is to be expected, it may be good policy to wait a few weeks before commencing the construction of the large fleet of iron-cased ships which England has now no choice but to build. After all the experiments which have been reported, it is rather startling to hear that the best mode of fastening the armour plates has not yet been ascertained by satisfactory tests. That this and all similar doubts ought long since to have been conclusively settled is obvious enough, but it has not been done, and it is difficult to say that the Admiralty is wrong in finishing this investigation before committing itself to operations on a very large and costly scale.

It is pleasant to be able to refer to another cause of embarrassment which does not reflect disgrace, either past or present, on the Board of Admiralty. Until quite lately, it was apparently proved that iron of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in thickness would, for all practical purposes, be invulnerable. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, it is now said, has succeeded in increasing the power of his ordnance to such an extent that six-inch, and even eight-inch, iron is no longer proof against it. What is more astonishing is the statement that no additional resisting power is gained by setting the iron plates so as to receive the blow of the shot at a considerable inclination. Probably these tremendous results will be found to be dependent on conditions that cannot always be secured, and it is observable that the DUKE did not mention the range at which the experiments were conducted, or the nature of the projectiles employed. Still, undoubtedly, new facts of this importance do, to a certain extent, reopen the question as to the character of the armour to be used; and much as all delay is to be deprecated, fundamental matter of this kind ought to be thoroughly investigated before any decision is acted upon on a large scale.

The present position of the question may be fairly stated in a few words. The past negligence of years has made it impossible to press on the building of iron ships with the necessary vigour without some little further delay in ascertaining the true principles of construction that ought to be adopted. If these considerations would involve any material loss of time, they would be outweighed by the absolute necessity of getting the work done before France shall have a fleet at sea with which none of our existing ships can cope. But the Admiralty declare (and upon them the responsibility of the assertion rests) that the indulgence they now ask is to be measured only by weeks; after which respite they will be prepared to enter steadily upon the task which is before them. If this pledge shall be fairly redeemed, no one will blame the Duke of SOMERSET for not having advanced with hazardous precipitation; but there are two dangers to be avoided—one

that of building ships less perfect than they should be; the other, and the more serious one—that of designing a fleet which may be complete perhaps in many particulars, but may come into existence when it is too late to prevent the mischief which even a temporary loss of our maritime supremacy would entail. The responsibility of balancing these considerations must be left to the Executive, but any error of judgment or want of energy in an undertaking so vital to the interests and the safety of the country will assuredly be visited, as it deserves, with a severity proportioned to the gravity of such neglect.

#### A FRAGMENT OF LAW REFORM.

**T**HE remains of Sir R. BETHELL's Bankruptcy Bill have duly passed through the House of Lords, and if the Commons should be disposed to accept the new measure which the Select Committee of the Upper House has framed, the long-talked-of reform of the Court of Bankruptcy will, nominally at least, be effected during the present session. It is remarkable that all the changes for the sake of which the commercial community had clamoured for the Bill have been struck out by the Lords' Committee; while the only substantial novelty which has been sanctioned is one which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL proposed in order to introduce a more philosophical consistency into the law, rather than with any hope of gratifying particular classes or obtaining popularity for himself or his Bill.

Two things, and two things only, were desired by those who had agitated for Bankruptcy reform. One was cheap administration, and the other secret administration. It was all very well, said the City, for jurists to preach on the moral effects of a bankruptcy law, and to call for an effectual instrument for the exposure and punishment of fraud, and of those minor irregularities which trench upon the borders of fraud without being very seriously condemned by commercial opinion. But that was not at all what the more clamorous reformers wanted. They persisted in regarding bankruptcy proceedings from one side only—that is, as a piece of machinery for the distribution of the assets of a trader who could not meet his liabilities. They desired to have this business got through with as little cost and as little publicity as possible, and were not at all disposed to have their own credulity and their debtor's iniquities paraded before the world in the course of a *quasi* penal investigation. This was not taking very high ground, and if it had not been notorious that creditors possessed and constantly used the power of withdrawing the winding-up of insolvent estates from the public courts to private bodies of their own selection, there would have been no colour of justification for the large concessions which Sir R. BETHELL made to those who took this narrow view of the question. The idea with which the Bill was framed was apparently not to produce an ideally perfect tribunal to which no one would resort, but to set up the best court and to establish the best code which the commercial community could be induced to accept.

Since the first introduction of the measure, it has appeared, to the satisfaction of all who feel an interest in sound legislation tending to the elevation of the tone of commercial morality, that the most influential, though not the most numerous section of the mercantile classes is not disposed to acquiesce in the rather selfish principles which had at first directed the Bankruptcy agitation. With this fact before them, we think the Lords were right in rejecting that large portion of the Bill which was intended to transfer the greater part of the administration of a bankrupt estate from public tribunals and public officers to the hands of private trustees. Undoubtedly, the fervour of the majority of Sir R. BETHELL's supporters in the matter will be considerably cooled down by the omission from the Bill of their favourite nostrum of private administration; but they will probably take what is left as better than no reform at all, and the Legislature will escape the reproach of having sanctioned a very undesirable system out of deference to a cry which had little to back it beyond the selfish interests, or what were supposed to be the interests, of a particular class. The only danger from this great alteration of the measure is, that the new machinery, like that which now exists, may fail to work, and that the old plan may be perpetuated of keeping all the fat estates for private distribution, and throwing only a small proportion—including, of course, the most hopeless cases—into the regular Bankruptcy Hospital. Still, we cannot but regard it as a gain to have got rid of the secret procedure which the Bill, as originally framed, so

largely introduced. Much fraud and jobbery will thus be prevented; and though the ostensible expenses under semi-private arrangements would have been less than they can be in any Court, it is probable that the dividends receivable by the general body of creditors would suffer more by the lax administration of a body of private trustees than by the most costly procedure of a Court which may at any rate be relied on to get in every farthing of assets, and to admit no claims but such as are sustainable in law.

A second great change which the Committee have, by a narrow majority, introduced, will, we believe, be as mischievous as their first step is likely to prove beneficial. It is notorious that the practical working of the Bankruptcy Court is very costly, and not very efficient. In great measure, this is due to the false principle on which it is organized. A Court of Bankruptcy, like a Court of Equity, is a compound between a purely judicial tribunal and a mere bureau of administration. In both Courts, the same confusion has been produced by the want of a proper division between the judicial and the administrative part of their functions. In the Chancery Courts, subordinate officers appointed for administrative purposes had gradually encroached upon the judicial functions of the judges. In Bankruptcy, the judges themselves have had their attention distracted and their time wasted in the working-out of mere details of administration. Nearly ten years ago, this evil was met in the Court of Chancery by the abolition of the Masters, who had worked themselves into the position of petty judges. A new partition of work was arranged, by which the judges were to take all the properly judicial business, while matters of administration were handed over to clerks under the immediate superintendence of their masters on the bench. Subject only to some slight drawbacks arising from certain defects in detail, this change has worked surprisingly well, and no one can question the wisdom of dealing with the constitution of the Court of Bankruptcy on the same principle. The mode of operation is of course different, because, instead of having to get rid of subordinates who had aspired too high, the embarrassment is caused by the fact that the judges of the court have been compelled to descend to work for which judicial qualifications are not required. Under the present system, a Commissioner of Bankruptcy is a hybrid animal, neither judge nor clerk, but savouring of both; and it has been calculated that all the really judicial business of the London Commissioners might be transacted by a single judge, if he were but relieved from duties which would be performed as well, and much more cheaply, by a staff of registrars. This was Sir R. BETHELL's proposition, and, but for the difficulty of dealing with existing interests, it must have been accepted at once as a real reform which would both diminish the expense and increase the efficiency of the Court. The new judge was to be on a par with the judges at Westminster in dignity and salary, and there was every prospect that this reform would have been followed by the introduction into the Babel of Basing-hall-street of some of the decencies of courts of justice properly so called. At the same time, one judge, properly paid, would be cheaper than a staff of half-worked Commissioners receiving lower salaries, and presumably (we speak, of course, with reference to the future) of a quality proportioned to their remuneration.

But what was to be done with the existing staff of the Court? Were the Commissioners to be pensioned off at full salaries, or were they to be degraded into the inferior position of registrars? Upon this reef the Bill has struck. Even for the sake of ultimate economy and immediate efficiency, the Lords will not sanction the extra expense which would be caused during the lives of a few Commissioners, who have all been on the Bench for some twenty or thirty years. Perhaps a Conservative Committee was not the less disposed to be rigid on this point because the new arrangement would have thrown a fresh piece of patronage into the hands of the present occupants of office. But it is not to be supposed that petty considerations of this kind have had any weight; and it must be assumed that the Lords, moved by the spirit of economy which has so strongly possessed them of late, have preferred to deteriorate the future Court of Bankruptcy rather than permit a trifling and temporary expense to be incurred. We believe that this alteration would seriously impair the working of the measure; and we hope that the House of Commons, while submitting to the valuable portion of the Lords' amendments, will not allow the Bill on which so much time has been spent to be mutilated in a manner which must prove fatal to its practical success.

## PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION.

THE art of pictorial description is of comparatively recent growth in England, but none has made greater progress or promises to have a more prosperous future before it. To describe everything, to describe it minutely, to put the greatest possible number of technical, poetical, and imposing terms together that the subject will admit of, is one of the commonest fashions of popular writing. Of course all representations of fact into which any sentiment enters, and all poetical delineations of external objects, may come under the head of pictorial descriptions, and so the art would be as old as the oldest literature. Homer and the Old Testament are full of "word-painting," so far as, by suitable and imaginative language, they bring before the mind pictures of men and things. But every one knows that there is a very appreciable distinction between this and the word-painting of modern art. We now attempt to express all our emotions in words, and thus to convey them to others. The criticism of works and productions of art especially tests the resources of those who excel in this kind of composition. Nothing, for example, seems harder than to give the exact effect of a piece of music or of a painting. Nor would the critic probably be equal to it, unless he ingeniously borrowed the language appropriate to one art in order to convey what he thinks about a production belonging to the other. He remarks of a painting that there is a hidden music in it, and of an opera that its colour is pronounced, and thus seems to bring us forward towards a distinct comprehension by reminding us of an art with which we take for granted we are familiar. Generally, however, pictorial description is appropriated to delineating men or scenery. Either the writer wishes us to understand what some eminent man was like, and traces his lineaments by an accurate catalogue of his features, or he wishes to make us feel the poetry of a pet piece of scenery, and then he has to find terms in which to describe a sunset, the sea, or a forest. Eminent writers afford plenty of examples of both kinds of descriptions. Mr. Carlyle, for instance, is always most particular in telling us what his heroes were like. He has honestly attempted to gather from every source what was the outward appearance of the man he admires, in order that he may admire a man, and not the vague shadow of one. Mr. Ruskin has worked himself into a facility of describing external nature that has no parallel, and there are few effects of scenery that he has not set himself to put down on paper and perpetuate in words. But what is the result? Do readers really gather from these words the impression that the authors wish to convey? Most persons who review their own impressions, and will answer honestly, will candidly confess that the pictorial description has presented no clear image to them. Certain salient features or characteristics can be easily represented in words and made to form a part of the mental picture which accompanies our perusal of the actions of hero, or of the kind of scene which is spoken of. That William III. was a small, sickly man is easily understood, and largely colours the mode in which we regard the exhibitions of his energy and courage. We quite catch the general type of a landscape that is rocky, that abounds in pines, or that consists of the smiling, rich meadows that lie by the side of an English river. But pictorial description aims at something far more than this. It aims at setting before us a likeness of William III. which shall produce the impression which a good portrait of him would do, and at rivalling the representations of scenery that could be given by a good water-colour drawing. In this we think it entirely fails. Words can do no more than suggest a general picture, and the mind declines to allow them to fill up the details.

If we test this by examining the writings of authors of too high a reputation, we may easily be misled by our desire to show that we are not unworthy to read those whom we admire. We cannot readily bring ourselves to allow that great writers have written in vain for us. We ought therefore to take the productions of good and sensible but not first-rate writers—of men who follow the fashion of the day, and labour hard to give us the photographic representations we are supposed to covet, who are successful as things go in their attempt, but who do not rise to more than is within the compass of men with good abilities and good training. The letters which the Special Correspondent of the *Times* is sending home from America furnish very fair and very abundant specimens of the pictorial description of individuals. Directly he meets any one holding an office or position that will in the slightest degree warrant the application of the art, he sets to work to check off his features and appearance for the benefit of the English public; and we have no doubt that his catalogue is as correct as it is well written and clever. All we say is, that the result is not really to give a picture of this newly-discovered American to the reader, in spite of the pains taken to describe him. We will take the description of General Bragg as an example. We are told, with the minutest accuracy, that this hero is forty-two years of age, of a spare and powerful frame; his face is dark, and marked with deep lines; his mouth large, and squarely set in determined jaws; and his eyes, sagacious, penetrating, and not by any means unkindly, look at you from beetle brows, which run straight across, and spring into a thick tuft of black hair, which is thickest over the nose, where usually it leaves an intervening space. His hair is dark, and he wears such regulation whiskers as were the delight of our generals a few years ago. This is word painting with a vengeance, and a very curious thing it must be for General Bragg, when the *Times* in a fortnight hence reaches him,

to think that a stranger has come out all the way from London in order to let the Britisher know that he has an abnormal tuft of black hair at the top of his nose. The victims of these descriptions ought to be considered in the midst of our admiration for the skill of the artist. The whole description is perfectly immaterial and unmeaning to most English readers; but General Bragg's friends and family will probably receive this accurate photograph of him with rather mixed feelings. Our immediate concern, however, is with the English readers. Do they believe that they have, or care to have, a clear notion what General Bragg is like? A moment's reflection will tell them that they have no further notion than that of a tall powerful man, with a stern face and black hair. Hundreds of thousands of fanciful figures might be called up by the imagination that would answer this description tolerably well, if we took the trouble. We gain a general notion of the sort of person, and that is all.

An account lately published, in the style of Mr. Ruskin, by Dr. John Brown, of one of Turner's sketches, may serve as an example of what can be done in the way of describing scenery. This is an example very favourable to the describer, as it is easier to enumerate the features of a picture than of a landscape, because those features that are most calculated to produce a pictorial effect have been already selected and grouped by the painter. The sketch is that of Rizpah in the *Liber Studiorum*. "It is," writes Dr. Brown, "a dark foreground filled with gloom, savage and wild in its structure; a few grim heavy trees deepen the gloom; in the centre, and going out into the illimitable sky, is a brief irregular bit of the purest radiance, luminous, but far off. There is a strange meaning about the place; it is 'not uninformed with phantasy, and looks that threaten the profane.' You look more keenly into it. In the centre of the foreground sits a woman, her face hidden, her whole form settled down as by some deep sorrow; she holds up, but with her face averted, a flaming torch; behind, and around her, lie stretched out seven bodies as of men, half naked, and dimly indicating far gone decay: at their feet are what seem like crowns. There is a lion seen with extended tail slinking off, and a bittern has just sprung up in the corner from a reedy pool. The waning moon is lying as if fainting in the grey heavens. The harvest sheaves stand near at hand, against the sky. The picture deepens in its gloom. The torch gives more of its fitful light as you steadily gaze." Here, again, the writer has taken great pains to catalogue what he sees. He sets down object after object just as it appears to him. Is any effect produced at all commensurate with the machinery? Some picture is, of course, presented to the eye of the mind, but is it a picture of which the details are really filled up? Do we really feel as if we knew how the "brief irregular bit of the purest radiance" looks. Have we any definite conception of the particular effect of the moon fainting in the grey heavens or of its general relation to the rest of the picture? The appeal is necessarily to each individual, and if any one says that he quite understands what Turner's sketch must be like from this description, no one can contradict him. But those who are not sure of their powers may easily examine them if they can command access to the sketch or to any good copy of it. Let them fill up a picture so far as Dr. Brown bids them fill it up. Let them arrange to their liking the grim trees, and the radiance that goes out into the illimitable sky, and the torch that gives more light the more it is looked at. When they have made their picture, let them look at Turner's, and see whether the details have done much to help them.

The general opinion of the value of such descriptions may be gathered from the fact that nine persons out of ten invariably skip them, unless they occur in the works of authors whose reputation forbids such audacity. The scenery at the beginning of the chapters in novels is often apologized for by the novelists themselves, who clearly foresee the fate of their ingenious and elaborate paragraphs; and the use of careful descriptions is perhaps to be learnt from the effect produced by descriptions where care and accuracy are not affected, where all the details are sentimental and unreal, but where an impression is produced of a kind that answers the purpose of the author. Mr. Dickens is a great hand at descriptions of this sort. He delights in what Mr. Ruskin terms the pathetic fallacy, and fills up page after page with accounts of the interest which inanimate objects take in the personages of his story. It is mighty easy writing and mighty hard reading, but it does pretty well what it was meant to do. It conveys a general impression of the sort of thing he sets himself to describe. As all Mr. Dickens's works have these introductory passages at the beginning of the more important chapters, it is hard to take any one as an example. But perhaps the description of the sea, with which Martin Chuzzlewit's passage to America is introduced, will do as well as any other. "Still she" (that is, the ship), we read, "comes striving on; and at her boldness and the spreading cry the angry waves rise up above each other's heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break, and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger." This really does just as well as if it meant something. We get a notion that there was more or less of a storm, and that the ship had the courage, or luck, not to stand still in it, but went safely on; and we do not trouble our-

selves about the dreadful curiosity or baffled anger of the waves. Sentimentalism has done all that accurate description could have done, and we are satisfied.

It would, however, be very unfair to conclude that elaborate pictorial description fails altogether because it fails to leave any picture on the mind as definite and complete as that produced by a good painting. It undoubtedly helps the reader. It only gives a general picture, but it ensures the formation of such a picture. Description that is too slight, short, and faint may produce no impression at all; but an elaborate description, if it is but read, forces the mind to dwell on the subject during a time sufficiently long to compel it to form some representation to itself of what is being described. The reader also gains a general confidence in a writer who takes so much pains and observes so accurately; and thus the book gains in value to him, although the effect intended in the particular passage is not produced. But undoubtedly the great gain of the description is not to the reader, but to the writer; and to the writer it is so great a gain that, if the book is otherwise good, a reader ought, in gratitude, to be very glad that an author who pleases him should have so considerable an advantage. It does us no good to hear of the extraordinary and unexpected tuft on the top of General Bragg's nose; but it did the Correspondent much good to cultivate his powers of observation, to note the character and study the features of a man of eminence, and thus gain some new data for calculating the chances of the great struggle he was sent to describe. In the same way, we learn very little about Rizpah by reading what Dr. Brown has written, but it must have taught him a great deal to write it. He must have studied most accurately and carefully every part of Turner's sketch, and let his fancy wander on while he examined each detail. Any one who is travelling may find out for himself how remarkable is the didactic power of description. Let us suppose he is standing at the door of a Swiss hotel, looking at distant snowpeaks and the side of a fir-covered mountain. A general survey will leave everything vague; but let him first count exactly how many peaks he can see, state on paper what their form is, try to hit on an apt expression to convey their colour where they are tinted, and then lower his eye to the nearer ones and examine how large a portion of the hill is covered, how distinctly he can see the tops of the trees, what is the colour that appears to prevail in the interstices. If he spends an hour in minutely questioning himself in this way, and in reducing his answers into a consecutive statement, he will find that he will remember most vividly the whole of that scene for months, or even years, afterwards. If he shows his statement to other people, they will only receive a general impression, but he has gained an impression full, minute, and accurate. This is a laborious process, but it rewards the labour that it demands.

#### SERVANTS AND TRADESMEN.

**T**HE time is surely come for a new edition of Dean Swift's "Directions to Servants." They have learned so thoroughly the lesson which he ironically taught them, that they are now ready to take a further step. The march of intellect has told on all arts and sciences, and among others its progress is most visible on the ingenious and varied Christian art of "taking in the missus." Education, which strengthens all the powers of the mind, has not failed of its due effect upon the Spartan talents which are most in request in the kitchen and the servants' hall. The servants of our day are as much superior to Dean Swift's contemporaries in the address and the decorum with which the operation of fleecing is carried on, as the Suez Canal is superior to the South Sea scheme. The knowledge of common things, and among them of the custom of "perquisites," is cultivated now with so much success, that employers, if they desire to have anything superior to a walking clod from one of the agricultural districts, must be content to be plundered and ask no questions. Matters have come to that pass, that there is now very little choice except between the louts who are too stupid to wait and the smart lads who are quite clever enough to steal.

A case which has recently appeared in one of the police courts illustrates the extent to which the system is organized, and the perverted morality by which it is sanctioned. A fishmonger's porter was taken up by the steward of one of the clubs for being found walking away with a basketful of meat, containing a beef-steak and some pieces of cooked meat besides. On the trial, the man's master appeared in his defence, and swore that it was the practice among the servants of all the clubs to give away the meat belonging to the club to the fishmonger's men, in consideration of alleged assistance given in the kitchen. There was nothing very odd in the fact that servants should employ their master's property to pay others for doing their own work. But the strange thing was, that the fishmonger himself, a well-known and very respectable man, appeared to see nothing objectionable in the transaction, and was quite ready to avow the custom. The boldness with which he came forward to back up his own servant showed that in his belief the porter had acted up to the strictest laws of honesty. It is a curious illustration of the morality which prevails even among the best of the tradesman class. But it illustrates still more strongly the fact that it is to the tradesmen quite as much as to the servants that the prevailing dishonesty is owing. If it were merely one servant, or a set of servants,

who had acquired habits of inveterate pilfering, it would be easy to get rid of them and the pilfering together. But no amount of change will expel the contagion from a luckless employer's house. The tradition is kept up by those whose interest it principally serves. A temporary palliative may be obtained by bringing in rustics fresh from the country, or foreigners from abroad; and during the time which they take in passing through the apprenticeship of the art, your heavy contributions will be remitted. But their teachers are always on the spot—for you cannot dismiss all the tradesmen of the neighbourhood—and the lesson does not take very long to learn. It has its *curriculum*, ranging from the alphabet of picking and pilfering to the complete mastery of the science of wholesale theft, which only the most advanced scholars can attain. The various pupils show a different aptitude, and reach to different degrees. Occasionally, some servants are found who, from one cause or another, are superior to temptation, and refuse to learn altogether. They are rare gems, to be zealously retained in spite of the irritating temper by which strict principles are commonly accompanied. The greater number go a little way into the art; but they have not the courage or capacity to advance beyond the lighter descriptions of purloining, and do not allow their fingers to stray beyond the limits of perquisites in their laxest acceptation. The residue, who master the science in its perfection, generally end by a promotion, through the agency of a magistrate, into the ranks of the ostensibly criminal population.

All these various classes of the light-fingered school, some at least of the tradesmen of the locality are perfectly competent to instruct: and they are all the keener tutors that there is scarcely any possible theft which the householder can suffer which is not a gain to them. But they adapt their teaching to the pupil's powers. They do not give strong meat to babes, or propose direct fraud to innocent rustics. *Nemo repente fuit* a stealer of spoons. The *Pilferer's Progress, or the Development of the Perquisite*, would be a promising subject for a modern Hogarth to undertake. The first picture would represent the grocer's boy impressing upon the country girl who had just assumed the responsibilities of housemaid, that gentlemen always consumed plenty of soap and candles, &c. &c., and that no one was a real gentleman who cared about the money. He would point the admonition by showing her the bill that had just been run up next door, and asking her if she wished No. 6 to be thought less genteel than No. 7. The next stage would be the petition of the same zealous youth to be taken in as a follower—i.e., to be allowed to contribute his own appetite to the task of enabling the master to run up such a butcher's bill as a respectable family ought to be able to show. The example of No. 7 would be again adduced as a right sort of place, where the servants never sat down to dinner without one friend or follower a-piece. Picture third would show these golden dreams verified, and a merry party sitting down to supper at nine o'clock, with goodly fare before them and no stint of ale-jugs and black bottles. Or, perhaps, the artist would prefer to select the end of the evening, when the good fare would have issued in a jovial skirmish, emulous "followers" pitching the crockery at each other's heads, and an imaginary and unseasonable mistletoe-bough performing its due, and something more than its due part. On the dresser letters must be lying, to represent that the master is out of town. Picture four would contain the transition from the thievery of waste to the thievery of profit. First comes the bribing stage. The rival grocer covets a share in this great harvest, and is represented counting out some money before the housemaid, and teaching her what accusations she is to make to her master against the competitor whom he is anxious to oust. In the corner might be depicted the butler with a heap of bills before him, casting up the percentages he exacts from every tradesman his master employs, or, with bullying gestures, threatening a cringing green-grocer by his side with immediate dismissal unless the Christmas-box is doubled. The next step is actual plunder, still within the possible limits of a perquisite. The rustic maid-servant, accompanied by the grocer's boy, now a full-blown follower, is visiting the marine-store-shop round the corner. Behind the counter is the marine-store-dealer, himself a veteran servant, and therefore sympathizing with the circumstances of his customers, and well versed in the doctrine of perquisites. All round would be the various articles which by custom are subject to pay tithe to the domestic pilferer—coals, candles, clothes, linen of all kinds, and old brass—such as bell-handles and lock-scutes, which the street-boys are always said to pull off—and a vast number of other matters as well, besides the more legitimate items of medicine bottles and dripping. The price of all these things is ostentatiously posted in the window for the information and edification of yet undeveloped maid-servants. Lastly comes the step into the region of palpable crime. The estimable type of her profession, who is the heroine of this series, has been dismissed for some one of her sins, and she takes a Parthian shot at her master. She goes to all the tradesmen he employs, and is represented ordering home in his name all the most expensive things she can think of. The tradesman takes the orders with a knowing grin; for though he is perfectly conscious that she will pawn every one of them the moment they are sent home, he also knows that, by the admirable provisions of the law of England, the master will be made to pay.

This imaginary picture is a picture of no imaginary facts. All who have paid any attention to the matter know how sys-

matically and scientifically even the worst of the practices we have glanced at are pursued. The owners of large houses, if they were to avail themselves of the services of a detective in the matter, would, in the majority of cases, be perfectly astounded at the amount which is levied by their servants upon their tradesmen, and therefore indirectly upon themselves, in the shape of percentages and Christmas-boxes. The other practices are scarcely less common. We could name instances in which tradesmen bearing the highest name for respectability have received and countenanced proposals that they should raise the price of articles supplied, while the servants, who promised to connive at it, should have the profits. The other device of plunder is an instrument of frightful grasp, and has occasionally been employed on a very extensive scale. In two or three instances that have come to our knowledge, servants who were on the point of leaving have contrived to plunder their employers of several hundred pounds, by ordering expensive articles from the employer's ordinary tradesmen, and pawning them for their own benefit. And so long as the English law carries the doctrine of agency in servants to its present absurd extent, the performances in this line are more likely to increase than to fall off. That it has not been more general is chiefly due to the ignorance of servants; for even if the law were more rigorous, the employer would still have little chance before juries who are all tradesmen, and decide under the influence of a tradesman's sympathies.

This intimate relation which exists in London between servants and tradesmen explains another well-known fact, which it is otherwise difficult to account for. It seems inexplicable, at first sight, that London should practically be a dearer place to live in than other capitals. Manufactures are cheaper in London than in Paris, house-rent is cheaper, and food, taken altogether, is not dearer. Yet it is possible to live in greater comfort in Paris on a small income than it is in London. The advantage of Paris lies in the smaller number of servants, and the smaller chances of pilfering which a Parisian's habits of life involve. The mere keep and wages of an extra servant would not alone make the difference. That which insensibly raises the Londoner's expenses in manner which, with price-currents before him, seems an unfathomable mystery, is the organized system of plunder which the social habits of the country enable an unprincipled servant to carry on. The plan of keeping house gives a London servant opportunities which he cannot have under a master who lives in a flat and employs a *traiteur*. The Parisian system places in antagonism the interests of the tradesman and the servant—the two conspirators who combine to fleece the Londoner. As it is not probable that English habits will change, we fear we must acquiesce in the prospect of paying the black-mail of perquisite for many generations to come. But all householders who can afford it owe it to society to do what the Reform Club has done—to prosecute the malefactors whenever they do chance to detect them.

#### MR. FROUDE'S "STORY FROM THE ARCHIVES OF SIMANCAS."

**S**TIMULATED, apparently, by the discoveries of Mr. Motley, Mr. Froude has been searching in foreign archives for evidence respecting English history. It would have been well for his reputation if he had resorted in the first instance to this, which, as opinion in England was gagged under the Tudor despotism, is in fact almost the only independent source of information. He has given us the result of his researches among the French archives in the appendix to his *Pilgrim*. The letters of the French ambassadors which he has there printed are enough in themselves to demolish his theory of Henry VIII.'s character and government. He has exercised some candour in producing such damning testimony against himself, and he would have exercised still more candour by admitting its weight, instead of sticking as he does to all his paradoxes, and sneering at the rational view of the question as the *Italian* view, with the French ambassador's decisive confirmation of it under his eyes.

The "Story" which he has now brought us from the archives of Simancas, if it be true, is as fatal to his heroine as the French archives have been to his hero. He had prepared us for an apotheosis of Elizabeth as extravagant as his apotheosis of Henry VIII. She was to be "the great nature which had remoulded the world." (*Hist.* vol. ii. p. 142.) It was a scandalous thing in his eyes that "the purity of Elizabeth should be an open question among our historians, although the foulest kennels must be swept to find the filth wherewith to defile it." He has now been "sweeping a kennel" himself, and the result is that he "defiles" Elizabeth with worse filth than ever was cast upon her name before. He would now have us believe, on the authority of his recent researches, that she made Leicester "master of her government and of her own person," that she was privy at least to the murder of Leicester's wife; that for the sake of her guilty love she was ready to sell England and the Reformation to Spain; that Cecil alone saved the country from her, and her from herself; and that for these offences her own Council were on the point of depriving her of the throne. Is it vain to hope that this discovery will moderate the discoverer's confidence in the perfect soundness of his own theories—that he will begin to allow that the "history books," as he modestly calls the works of all previous historians, are less contemptible than he has imagined—and that he will do a little

justice to the illustrious men, such as Fisher, More, and Pole, whose reputations he has fanatically sacrificed to that of his Tudor Dagon? Of one thing he may be sure—that the longer he defers this unwelcome but expiatory process, the more severe will be the Nemesis of Truth.

We are, however, not prepared to jump to the conclusion that Mr. Froude's present charges against Elizabeth are perfectly well founded, any more than we were to agree with the extravagantly enthusiastic view he formerly took of her character and government. The witness on whose testimony the whole story depends, is Alvarez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, ambassador of Philip II. in London during the first five years of Elizabeth, in whose correspondence with his Government all these scandals have been found. The first point, of course, is to ascertain exactly what sort of man De Quadra was, and whether he was a competent and credible witness. Little has been hitherto known about him. He is not even mentioned in the *Biographie Universelle*. Some account of his mission, and some inkling of these scandals, is given in the *Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia* (vol. 7). The title of the paper is *Apuntamientos para la historia Del Re Don Felipe Segundo de España, por lo tocante á sus relaciones con la Reina Isabel de Inglaterra*. The author, Don Tomás González, keeper of the archives of Simancas, states that he has had access to the original diplomatic correspondence of the period, including, no doubt, the same letters of De Quadra which have furnished the discoveries of Mr. Froude. One fact is given in this paper which materially affects De Quadra's credibility as a witness against the character of Elizabeth. It appears that in 1563 Elizabeth wrote to Philip, "complaining bitterly of his ambassador, Don Alvarez de Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, who, notwithstanding his great knowledge, experience, prudence, and ability in the management of affairs, was by no means to her liking, because he meddled with that which was not in his province, and fomented the disturbances of the kingdom; wherefore she prayed him to send another person who might be more suitable, and less open to suspicion in the matter." This is obviously most important. It is to be observed, also, that in a quotation from one of the letters given by Mr. Froude, De Quadra speaks of Elizabeth as a "devil," so that he was plainly not blind to her faults.

Mr. Froude, however, appears, by some means or other, to have become intimately acquainted with the most subtle peculiarities of the ambassador's character. He is able at once to denounce him as a liar and to guarantee to us his accuracy as a witness. De Quadra, we are told, "handled falsehood like a master," yet, "above all things, in his communications with his own sovereign, he was *true*." "He would lie with any man when a lie would serve his turn; but he knew, as well as his master, that to lie with advantage it was necessary to know what was the truth. He never spoke or acted, for good or evil, except with his feet firmly standing on the hard, solid ground of reality, and he treated his master with necessary sincerity." All this is very fine, like many other historical characters which Mr. Froude has evolved out of his own "subjective consciousness," without reference to the facts of history. But when a witness is put into the box to prove on his sole testimony facts of such importance, it is rather awkward to find at the outset that he is a first-rate liar; and it is rather difficult to imagine by what criterion it can be infallibly discerned which part of his evidence emanates from his fine appreciation of "the solid ground of reality," and which from his masterly skill in falsehood. In the case of a character so singularly compounded, moral diagnosis is an intricate and slippery process. If Mr. Froude has any positive evidence, independent of the correspondence, which corroborates his delicate portraiture of De Quadra's intellectual peculiarities, let him produce it. If he has only the correspondence, we should like at least to see the correspondence *in extenso* before we make up our minds that the Spaniard was not in the "falsehood," but in the "solid reality" vein when he represented Elizabeth as a harlot, a murderer, and a traitress to her religion and her people.

There are some things on the face of Mr. Froude's "Story" which dispose us to exercise caution in receiving it. It is just credible, though most astounding, that the cautious Burleigh should have come secretly to the house of the Spanish Ambassador and informed him that Elizabeth had made Leicester "master of her government and of her own person," and that the Queen and her paramour were murdering Amy Robsart. Desperate anxiety to defeat the projected marriage of Elizabeth with her unworthy favourite may possibly have been a sufficient motive for this most extraordinary and most perilous step—a step by which Burleigh would have put his fortune, and probably his life, into the Spaniard's hands. But this statement, which it is so difficult to accept, is followed by another at which credulity itself stands aghast. Intelligence arrives that Amy Robsart has actually been murdered. "A Cabinet Council was immediately held. Who were present De Quadra does not say; but the chief actor was still Cecil, in whom indignation for the moment swept away all restraints of policy. It was proposed to dethrone Elizabeth, and send her at once, with Dudley, to the Tower." In the first place, we need hardly say there were no such things as "Cabinet Councils" in those days. The *thing* did not exist before the days of the Cabal—the *name* did not exist till a still later period. It may be suggested that this is merely a verbal inaccuracy; and that what was really held was a *Privy*

Council. But in a Privy Council the partisans of Leicester would have been present. It is well known that Cecil was the object of Elizabeth's unchanging confidence and regard to the end of his life. She therefore can never have believed, or even suspected, that he had formally proposed to dethrone her and send her to the Tower. According to De Quincey himself, Cecil was "the heart of the whole Protestant movement," and therefore the arch enemy of the designs of Spain. Is it likely that the Spanish Government, knowing him to have done that which, if disclosed, would at once ruin him with his mistress, should have kept this deadly secret so well? Cecil had rivals, and active ones, among the ambitious men of that intriguing court. Was no one of these rivals cognisant of what had taken place at the "Cabinet Council," or venomous enough to reveal it? We are prepared to find that Elizabeth was a very unamiable and rather a bad woman; but we suspend our judgment entirely as to these charges till we have the whole of the evidence for them before us.

Meanwhile, it is curious to observe Mr. Froude laying his ground for the delicate transition from that which he has already said respecting the character of Elizabeth to that which he sees he shall now have to say. "Her intellect grew with her years, and her thwarted passions were compelled, for the future, to expend themselves in trifling. But these dark hours of her trial left their shadows on her to the last. She lived with a hungry and unsatisfied heart, and she died miserable." With so fine a gradation of colours is "the great nature which remoulded the world" shaded off into the betrayer of England, the paramour of Dudley, and the accomplice of a most cruel and unnatural murder! Mr. Froude has forgotten the excellent reason which he has already given in his History (vol. i. p. 50) for the misery of Elizabeth's last years. "In the 7th and the 8th of Elizabeth, there are indications of the truck system; and towards her later years the multiplying statutes and growing complaints and difficulties show plainly that the (trading) companies had lost their healthy vitality, and, with other relics of feudalism, were fast taking themselves away. There were no longer tradesmen to be found in sufficient numbers who were possessed of the necessary probity; and it is impossible not to connect such a phenomenon with the deep melancholy which in those years settled down on Elizabeth herself." Surely it is time that common sense should resume its reign in the treatment of history, and that this rodomontading should have an end.

#### MILITARY PROSPECTS IN AMERICA.

THE prospect of a campaign between the hostile States of America induces some curious speculations as to the manner in which its details will be conducted, and the incidents by which it will probably be characterized. Since the days of chivalry, or the period when feudal service was superseded by standing armies, perhaps no equally important war has begun between two parties without either of them having a regular army at its command. Hitherto, the contest, if not between two military nations, has been usually carried on by a disciplined force sent to subdue an insurrectionary population, or by a nucleus of trained soldiers combined with temporary contingents. In the present instance, regiments of militia, hurriedly filled up with untrained and undrilled men, are substituted for the personal retainers or hired mercenaries of early ages, and for the disciplined battalions of modern times. If the difference went no further, it would be scarcely worth notice, but soldiers of the present day have more artificial wants than their predecessors. They are accustomed to better food and clothing at home, therefore they require better supplies in the field. They are armed with delicate weapons, for which ammunition of peculiar and accurate manufacture is indispensable; and they are consequently dependent for their efficiency on a good base of operations and well-organized reserves. In short, the non-combatant departments are becoming more and more important to the welfare of an army, and it is precisely in these departments that an irregular army is most deficient.

In the general plan of operations in America, want of military skill will probably not be apparent. There will be time to take counsel about the course to be adopted, and time to arrange the mode of executing any intended movement. The trial will come when large masses of troops are concentrated close to one another, when those masses have to be simultaneously moved to fresh positions, and when probably incompetent brigadiers have to execute the hurried orders of a probably confused commander-in-chief. Then the want of professional soldiers will be felt. The embarrassment will be inevitable, though it may be partially concealed and temporarily overlooked. If the results are glaring, or if any writer has an object in exposing them, we shall hear of them through the newspapers. Otherwise, we shall learn them only from the histories and narratives produced when the struggle is over.

At the present time, any speculations on military grounds about the comparative chances of success on either side would be premature. Both armies being equally deficient in the same respects, the weakness of one will neutralize that of the other so long as both are similarly circumstanced. Whilst the contest is confined to the frontier, the hostile forces will be on equal terms; but directly one of them attempts an invasion it exposes itself to all the dangers arising from its incomplete organization. If it should find the population hostile, and vigorous in adopting

means of defence, all its supplies must be drawn from its own resources, and be guarded with difficulty by a proportion of its force. In any case, a vast quantity of transport will be required for its ammunition and materiel, and a skilful commissariat will be required for the whole. If either of these departments should prove unequal to the work, the invading force will either waste away as it advances, or will be obliged to sacrifice valuable time by regulating its marches according to its limited means of support.

Fifteen years ago, an expedition, composed in the same way as each of the present armies, was sent into an enemy's country, and there its achievements gave full satisfaction to the Federal Government. The President's next Message pronounced that the success was glorious, and that the voluntary militia system had proved itself perfectly equal to the military requirements of the United States. Military critics, or any other impartial judges, would not rate that performance so highly; but whatever its merits may have been, it can hardly be taken as a criterion for present guidance. To carry the war into the heart of the Northern or of the Southern States is a more serious task than to march from Matamoros to Monterey, or from Vera Cruz to Mexico. And if, after long preparation, that army spent six months in advancing two hundred miles, we must be prepared for still more leisurely movements now. The late operations in North Italy hardly kept pace with public expectation, though the Allies, in face of an enemy, traversed the one hundred miles between Novara and the Mincio in four weeks, and fought two great battles on the way. It is fortunate in this respect that we shall only get news of the American operations at intervals of some days. Besides the greater extent of country to be crossed, there will be more serious resistance to overcome. In their own countrymen, American soldiers will find opponents very different from the puny Mexican infantry. What manner of men the latter were may be judged from the grenadiers of a crack regiment being five feet high; and of the firearms which they carried, some were described as having percussion hammers, some flint locks, and some as being fired by the lighted end of a cigar. Against such enemies as these, success might be obtained by a loose, disorderly style of fighting which would be futile against an enemy equal in physical power as well as in equipment. Of this every individual American must be aware, and it will perhaps be some check on their readiness to engage.

In any important action it will be interesting to remark what tactics are employed by generals so little practised in their profession; how far they are in accordance with received principles; and whether any deviations from military maxims are justified by the peculiarities of the case, or redeemed by originality of idea. Volunteer soldiers have sometimes shown themselves more ready to command than to obey. They get tired of inactivity, and impatient of delay. They prefer fighting a battle to executing those tedious marches of which every campaign is chiefly composed. If they are thwarted in their wishes, they become dissatisfied with the service; and if they are gratified, the commander is embarrassed by the result; for of course they are careless about what effect it may have on his plans. It cannot always happen, as it once did in Texas, that a battle into which a general is reluctantly forced by his soldiers should result in a decisive victory, and put a termination to the whole war.

Another of the difficulties with which generals in command of raw troops have to contend, is the careless execution of ordinary outpost duties, trifling in themselves, but very important in face of an enemy. Regular troops are frequently open to the same reproach. Even the French, with all their military character and general intelligence, were blamed for their ill performance of this duty in Italy. The consequence of outposts not being sufficiently active and observant is, that the army is liable to surprise, or at least to be forced into action without sufficient intelligence of the enemy's strength and movements. We apprehend that an enterprising general with a flying column inured to long and rapid marches might obtain extraordinary successes in America by acting on this principle.

Incomplete as the hostile forces are, they confront one another at several places, and a collision between them may occur any day. It is not likely to prove so harmless to those who may be engaged in it as the late cannonade at Fort Sumter. But if other fortified places are equally deficient in men to work the guns, and in those stores which are necessary to obtain the proper effect from the artillery, their defence will depend upon the physical obstacles to be overcome by the assailants, and will be little assisted by the guns they contain. Without proper fuzes to burst shells, or the proper materials for giving direction and elevation, the most formidable "Dahlgrens" and "Columbiads" will be indebted to good fortune, rather than to any excellence in their construction, for the effect they produce. At Fort Sumter, the garrison suffered just as little injury as they inflicted, and the only excuse for their surrender must be the contracted space in which they were compelled to fight. Had they not been exposed to heat from which they could not escape, and which threatened their total destruction by exploding the magazine, they might at least have awaited the issue of an assault; and against this event, Major Anderson, or some one under him, seems to have taken good and ingenious precautions. Of course, such a fort should have contained nothing combustible in such quantity that its taking fire would render the post untenable. But other forts may have

the same fault, and if their interior space is equally confined, a bombardment of them will ensure their capture. At Fort Pickens the necessary precautions have, we are told, been taken; but in cases where the wooden erections are indispensable for sheltering men or stores, they will not be easily replaced by buildings of proper material. This place in the South, with Harper's Ferry in the North, and Fort Monroe on the Eastern side, offer equal prospects of being distinguished by the next engagement. It is curious that the respective positions of the Federalists and Secessionists at the first two points are the reverse of what the situations would render likely. Harper's Ferry is of such importance to the Federalists that their allowing it to be surprised and occupied by the enemy was a serious mistake. Fort Pickens, on the contrary, being in the extreme South, might have been expected to fall, like Fort Pulaski and others, into the hands of the Secessionists. Indeed, we are led to wonder at its escaping that fate on reading how unprepared it was, when hostilities began, to withstand a sudden assault. Even now it is wanting in a certain description of ordnance without which its armament is incomplete. Until it is provided with heavy mortars or rifled guns, the navy-yard at Warrington, though subject to annoyance, will be comparatively safe. Smooth-bored guns can, no doubt, throw their projectiles three thousand yards if sufficient elevation is given to them; but that distance is beyond their really effective range, and ordinary carriages are not adapted for such use. They must be favoured by chance circumstances if they are to lay in ruins so remote an establishment. The same letter which describes the Federalist officers as uttering this boastful threat, mentions also, in another place, the unsatisfactory practice made by a heavy gun at a target placed two thousand five hundred yards off.

Sooner or later, the struggle so long dreaded and so much deplored by enlightened men will assume all its horrors. We can only hope that, whatever may happen, the conduct on either side will not exhibit any cruelty or be stained by any ferocity. In war, the slightest excess on one side is sure to be followed by retaliation on the other; and men, thinking they do justice, take vengeance on an enemy after his resistance has ceased. We fear that the laws of war may not be sufficiently regarded by men who habitually carry weapons in time of peace, and think little of making a deadly assault on an unprepared antagonist. The unmilitary part of the population have also to learn, that if they commit hostile acts whilst they wear the garb and profess the character of peaceful citizens, they can claim the benefit of no law, and may expect no mercy. When persons in a crowd are guilty of firing on the rear of passing troops, as was lately the case at Baltimore, they expose all the inhabitants to the severity of martial law—they furnish to soldiers the excuse of self-defence for future acts of cruelty, and, by evoking angry passions on both sides, give occasion for deeds which history is ashamed to record.

#### RESULTS OF THE CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

BY the diligence of the Registrar-General and his able and zealous assistants, Dr. Farr and Mr. Hammack, the public have been placed in early possession of the general results of the Census of England and Wales taken on the 8th of April last. A period of little more than eight weeks has, by industry and contrivance, been made sufficient to reduce into order the schedules collected by the 31,000 enumerators, collated by the 2200 registrars, and certified by the 630 superintendent registrars. The paper presented to Parliament on the 7th instant gives the numerical results, as regards male and female population and houses, for the whole of England and Wales—for the several counties—for the registration districts or divisions—and for each of the Parliamentary and principal boroughs. In these results we have of course only the rough outlines of the vast statistical diagram to be by-and-bye completed with the manifold details of age, occupation, marriage, birth-place, &c. We are sorry we cannot add that they are also to be completed with the details of religious profession, and, as regards the agricultural parts of the country, with a statement of the quantity of land under the different kinds of crop, and with a statement of the number of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. The Dissenters took care that we should not have a census of religious sects; and the injudicious zeal of "agricultural statisticians," by leading them to ask for harassing and absurd minutiae, has unhappily cut us off from procuring, for some time to come, a general return of a few leading particulars from each parish, notorious to every inhabitant within it, and, when collected into the aggregate of counties and divisions, of the highest public utility.

During the ten years, 1851-61, the population of England and Wales has increased *absolutely* to a larger extent than in any of the former Census periods of the century; but *proportionately* the increase, or rather the *rate per cent.* of increase, has been smaller than in any of the like periods. The population, as now ascertained, is 20,224,000 persons—or 2,170,000 persons more than the result of 18,054,000 arrived at in 1851. The *rate of increase* in 1851-61, has been 12 per cent., or 1·2 per cent. per annum. If we reckon backwards to 1841, we find that this 12 per cent. is the smallest of the decennial ratios of augmentation. In the ten years, 1841-51, the ratio of increase was 13 per cent.—in 1831-41 it was 14 per cent.—in 1821-31 it was 15 per cent.—in 1811-21 it was 16 per cent.

—the highest in the series—and in 1801-11 it was 14 per cent. The population doubled itself as nearly as may be in the fifty years, from 1801 to 1851—that is to say, increased from 9,156,000 to 18,054,000 persons; and in 1861 we have arrived at an aggregate of very nearly 20½ millions of men and women in the area defined by the Tweed, the English Channel, the German Ocean, and the western shores from the Solway to the Lizard.

We have not yet any official statement of the results of the Census of this year in Scotland and Ireland. But we may assume with reasonable confidence that these results, when published, will exhibit a total population exceeding 30 millions of persons. We may safely affirm that no other country in the world, except France, possesses so large a population occupying so compact and well-defined a territory, speaking (with the exception of certain parts of Wales) the same language, and, in a broad practical sense, moved by the same impulses and swayed by the same national spirit. Within the imposing block of territory which stretches from the Pyrenees to the shores of the English Channel, there are probably at this moment about 35 millions of French people. Every one knows that there are differences as great between regions of France as between Connemara and Yorkshire. The South and the West of France have few sentiments in common, except upon momentous questions, with the departments which include and lie near to Paris. But we should nevertheless err greatly if we did not regard the homogeneity of the population of France as among the most formidable of the advantages possessed by that country. It is, therefore, all the more gratifying to know that the interval is a very small one which even numerically places the population of our own islands at a disadvantage when compared with that of France. There are the best grounds for believing that, taking into account the element of age and the capacity for increase, the British population contains within it more vigour, and far greater resources for sustaining the depletion of a protracted war, than the population of France. The penalty imposed by a standing army of half a million of men is very poorly expressed by the emptiness of exchequers and the pressure of taxes. There rises up behind these mischiefs a huge shadow of evil, which every year darkens more and more the sources of the national strength. That they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword is a declaration of ancient wisdom which men have never been at a loss to verify by easy observation. But with this declaration, as with many others which bear the stamp of the same authority, the easy verification is neither the safest nor the most impressive; and if we would clearly understand the scope of so large and profound a generalization, we must learn something of the sure decay of those States which sacrifice their people to military ambition.

That during the last ten years the population of England and Wales should have increased at a rate less rapid than during any former decade of the century is a result full of curious suggestions. It is certain that at no former period since the accession of George III. has the great body of the people been so well off, so abundantly fed, and so comfortably housed and clothed, as during the last ten years. Comparing the interval 1851-61 with the interval 1821-31, it may be affirmed, with as much certainty as can be expected in this class of indefinite historical questions, that the more distant of the two periods was marked by a prevalence and severity of distress and suffering among the working and poorer classes of which there have been few traces since 1851; and yet the decennial rate of increase in 1821-31 was fifteen per cent., and in 1851-61 was only twelve per cent. The doctrine that plenty and comfort are not necessarily conditions precedent of a rapidly increasing population is not a new one, as many persons will remember whose researches have extended far in the direction of vital statistics. Nay, paradoxical as it may seem, it has been gravely argued—and not without plausible instances in point—that, speaking of large masses of human beings living in temperate climates, the highest rate of increase in a given time is found among populations which have the least abundant share of sustenance and comfort. It would be quite premature to adopt any positive opinions on so large and intricate a question; but we may safely say, looking at the broad results of successive Censuses, that the causes which really determine the rate of increase of the population of any modern civilized State—especially of the population of these islands—are far more numerous and recondite than it was the custom to assume in the days of the Malthusian controversy.

When it is said, in general terms, that the population of England and Wales has increased by 2,170,000 persons (or 12 per cent.) in the ten years 1851-61, we have been put in possession of a result full of interest and value; but that interest and value receive tenfold addition when we are enabled to ascertain by what distribution of changes the general result has been actually brought about. In the present instance, so admirable are the machinery and arrangements of the Register Office, that even in this early summary we have presented to us three or four tables which go a long way towards satisfying a reasonable curiosity relative to the altered aspect in the Census volumes of town and country, agriculture and manufactures, metropolis and provinces.

In the first place, a fifth part (that is, 441,000) of the entire total increase of 2½ millions has been carried off by the metropolis—that is to say, by the vast territory which, under the name of "London," falls within the limits of the Metropolis

Local Management Act, and extends east and west from Lewisham to Fulham, and north and south from Hampstead to Wandsworth. Within this area the present population is returned at 2,800,000 persons. In 1851, the return was 2,362,000; in 1841, it was 1,948,000; and the metropolitan population which witnessed the Reform Bill agitation was 1,654,000. In 1801, the return was 958,000; so that, in sixty years, the number of people in the capital has been almost exactly trebled.

Of the remaining 1,700,000 of additional inhabitants since 1851, no less than 1,500,000 are found divided, in unequal masses, between two groups of territorial divisions which we will endeavour to describe. For registration and other statistical purposes it has been the practice for some years to apportion England and Wales into eleven divisions. Of the *Metropolitan Division* we have already spoken. The *South-Eastern Division* includes the extra-metropolitan portions of Surrey and Kent, and the counties of Sussex, Hants, and Berks. The *North-Western* includes Cheshire and Lancashire. The *Northern* includes Durham and the three other more northerly counties. It is within these three important groups that the largest absolute increase of population has taken place. In 1851, the population of the three groups was 5,085,000, and, in 1861, had become 5,931,000 persons—an increase of 846,000. In 1851, the proportion of males, twenty and above, engaged in agriculture in these three groups was fifteen per cent. The *West Midland Division* includes the counties of Gloucester, Hereford, Salop, Stafford, Worcester, and Warwick. The *York Division* includes the three Ridings of that famous shire. The *Welsh Division* includes Monmouthshire and the Principality. In these three groups the increase has been from 5,111,000 in 1851 to 5,763,000 in 1861—or an increase of 651,000. The proportion of agricultural occupations in 1851 was eighteen per cent.

We have now only to account for the remaining 200,000 of increase in the ten years, and we shall have to seek it in the four following groups of counties. The *South Midland division* includes Herts, Bucks, Oxford, Northampton, Hants, Beds, and Cambridge. The *Eastern* includes Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. The *South-Western* includes Wilts, Devon, Dorset, Cornwall, and Somerset. The *North Midland* includes Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Notts, and Derby. In these four groups the increase of population has been from 5,365,000 in 1851, to 5,560,000 in 1861—that is to say, 195,000 more. The proportion of agricultural occupations in 1851 in these four groups was twenty-four per cent., or one-half greater than in the groups of counties already described. If, therefore, we broadly divide the provincial population of England and Wales into three parts of nearly six millions each, we find that about ninety per cent. of the total increase in the population since 1851 has taken place in the least agricultural portions of the country.

#### MR. ESTCOURT ON CHURCH-RATES.

**A** NEW episode enlivens the Church-rate controversy. The expected fight on Sir John Trelawny's Bill, which was to have rivalled the Horticultural Society among the entertainments of Wednesday week, had been put off in order to enable Mr. Estcourt to produce that compromise by which its somewhat sanguine promoters hoped to terminate the campaign. At that time the combatants were ranged with their pistols ready cocked for a triangular duel. One angle was occupied by the party which somewhat unreasonably puts out the watchword of "No Surrender" for a policy involving a considerable surrender on the part of Dissenters, without any compensating advantages being conceded to them by the Church. The abolitionists took their stand, angry and disheartened, at another corner, while the intermediate post was filled by that phalanx of moderates variously represented in the Duke of Marlborough's report, and in Mr. Hubbard's and Mr. Cross's Bills. These were the persons who felt that, sooner or later, the question must be solved in the only manner which unites practicability with justice—that of allowing the Church, on the one side, to levy its own rate, with additional facilities provided, and certain antiquated anomalies removed, and, on the other, of permitting those who really object to the impost to free themselves from it and clear the vestry of their presence. A fourth policy had occasionally attempted to gain a hearing—that of the theorists who imagined they could conciliate the antagonists by substituting a mere fabric rate for the old charge which included the worship as well as the building.

This idea had, however, been pretty completely set at rest in a large meeting of the society which, under the name of the Church Institution, forms a centre of deliberation upon such Church interests as cannot be twisted into doctrinal controversy. At that meeting a motion of Mr. Beresford Hope's, asserting the unadvisability of any distinction being made between the fabric and the worship rate, was almost unanimously affirmed. The reason for this determination was obvious enough. The propounders of the fabric-rate compromise must have believed that their scheme would pacify the opponents of Church-rates, unless they desired to take place alongside of Mr. Gladstone, as men whose pleasure is to abandon revenue in the face of a contingent deficit. But then the further question comes—Why should the Liberation Society be pacified by such a scheme?—why should Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster pay their fabric-rate like lambs when they had just been raging like lions against the Church-rate? Englishmen are not usually pleasant when they are asked to contribute

to taxes from which they expect to reap no benefit. A Dissenter must have a very unusual supply of Christian charity to be content with the distant perspective of the church-steeple as the *quid pro quo* for his contribution to the rate which sustains its fabric. Either the patentees of the fabric-rate scheme offered a delusive nostrum for a disease which they utterly misapprehended, or else its adoption could not fail to lead to very different results from those which its promoters wished or intended. It might, indeed, procure peace for the Church, but it would be the same peace which a Massachusetts regiment in occupation of Montgomery would be likely to offer to the Alabama planters. The political Dissenters would either refuse to pay the fabric-rate, as they have refused the Church-rate hitherto, or, if they consented to make their contributions, it would be as an investment in buildings, of which they soon expected to be joint-occupants. So the meeting decided—wisely, as we think—that the hitherto undisputed freehold which the Church of England possesses in its own edifices is of far more importance to its social status and independence than any Church-rate, granted or refused, and gave its quietus to the ill-judged proposition.

It might accordingly have been supposed that Mr. Estcourt—a public man deservedly popular for the moderation and good sense which have characterized his political life—when called upon to deal with a matter which had been reduced to such simple elements, would have adopted the shortest and plainest solution. "No Surrender" was out of the question—so was abolition. The fabric-rate theory had been put out of court, and thus nothing apparently remained but to settle the terms of the exemption, so as to obviate the objection—ridiculous as it may be, but certainly widely spread—which the more noisy Dissenters make to what they call ticketing themselves.

Strange to say, Mr. Estcourt—in his desire, as we suppose, to conciliate all parties, and anxious to give a sugar-plum to the No Surrender phalanx while slicing the cake for the Abolitionists—has hit upon a scheme which, in its incongruous elements, unites the anomalies of the old system with the difficulties of all the proposed compromises, and offers a proposal which cannot satisfy the Dissenters, while it will assuredly array the various sections of Churchmen in opposition to its very complicated provisions. In every parish where a Church-rate has been made during the last five years, a compulsory "Owners' Church-rate," not exceeding a penny in the pound, is to be, like the old impost, charged on all alike, without distinction of churchmanship or dissent. The rate is to be paid by the tenant, and to be deducted from the rent—provision which, if it is ever to be more than a paper proposition, must lead to that most revolutionary of all tenant-rights, an obligatory maximum of rental. This owner's Church-rate is to be all but exclusively a fabric-rate, and so the voluntaries may, if they please, by paying it, get in the point of their wedge and invest in their future co-tenancy. But still it is not to be entirely a fabric-rate, for it is also to cover books and bells; and so the old conscience plea is most ingeniously kept alive, unless we are to believe that Little Bethel's soul, while "exercised" at the surplice, would gladly help to buy the prayer-book in which the use of that surplice is prescribed, and towards the use of which that surplice is worn. Those who now dislike Church of England worship may, if they can, defeat the rate. Under Mr. Estcourt's Bill, the owners in the non-exempted parishes would be compelled to pay their penny in the pound towards the prayer-book.

But the complication does not end here, for a second rate, the "Occupiers' Church-rate," is provided, "to be collected only from occupiers who are members of the Church vestry," and from persons who have not exempted themselves from the Church vestry by a form of notice provided in the scheme. The Occupiers' rate is to be levied "for any purpose connected with Divine worship;" so, we suppose, it is to be a fabric as well as a worship-rate in those parishes which have not paid any Church-rate during the five crucial years, while the Church vestry is to have under its control the audit of the churchwardens' accounts—*i.e.*, the expenditure of the "Occupiers' Church-rate"—at a tax which by the hypothesis will have to be paid, directly or indirectly, by persons not themselves members of that Church vestry. Of course, the latter consideration wholly overthrows all the benefits which would accrue from the exemption policy pure and simple, and substitute, a conflict of interests as irritating to the parish as it would be detrimental to the Church at large. A conscientious Dissenter in a non-exempted parish may, indeed, "decline to be a member of the Church vestry," and thus free himself from the other expenses of divine worship, and the Church from his persistent opposition. But he may still remain liable for the Occupiers'-rate—*i.e.*, both for the building and the form of worship as prescribed in the Prayer-Book; while the quota which is exacted from him for those objects is subject to the audit of the Church vestry, from which he has disfranchised himself. Moreover, he may see his brother in the next parish totally free from any Church-rate at all, from the simple accident of having defeated the old rate for a space of five consecutive years, while he, less fortunately, had only succeeded in upsetting it at four successive Easters. Can anything but confusion follow so unlucky an entanglement? Besides, Mr. Estcourt has forgotten to lay down any provision for the election of churchwardens. He does not tell us whether that office is to be for the future limited to members of the Church vestry—in which case the payers of the Owners'-rate would be aggrieved—or whether all persons

chargeable to the latter rate are eligible; in which case the church vestrymen would be unfairly treated. In fact, in whatever way we look at the proposal, it is a tissue of inconsistencies and impossibilities.

We are very sorry that one so well calculated as Mr. Estcourt to act the mediator should have so completely thrown away the opportunity. We are equally sorry that the question, at a moment when some agreement seemed possible, should have been thrown back by the tender of an impossible solution. The best that can happen to Mr. Estcourt's plan is, that it should be as soon as possible forgotten; and then the exemptionists will have the path open to push their rational offer of conciliation, perhaps not under such favourable auspices as those which presented themselves some ten days since, but still with an amount of powerful support on all sides, which, if discreetly managed, may yet lead to success.

#### THE ASCOT CUP DAY.

**T**HIS absence of the Queen and Court deprived the Ascot Cup Day of much of its usual splendour, but the weather was brilliant and the sport unusually good. The day will be long remembered in the annals of the turf for the complete restoration which it witnessed of the honour of the famous Thormanby. After an extraordinary career of victory as a two-year-old, that horse had justified the general opinion of his powers by winning last year's Derby easily. It was understood throughout the summer that he was reserved for the Doncaster St. Leger; and from May to September he held almost uniformly the position of first favourite, although sometimes the Wizard, who had won the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, and ran second to Thormanby for the Derby, came nearly to a level with him in the betting. Besides the character and the performances of the Wizard, the former triumphs of his owner and trainer on the St. Leger course raised a considerable expectation in the North that he would vanquish Thormanby in this return match. Even the defeat of the Wizard by Lord Zetland's Sabreur, at York, in August, did not materially affect the Wizard's place in the St. Leger betting. But when the day came for the decision of what had been very generally looked upon as a match between Thormanby and the Wizard, the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger was found in neither of them, but in Lord Ailesbury's colt by Stockwell out of Bribery, which, after winning the Chester Cup in the spring without a name, was called St. Alban's. There was no doubt in the minds of those who saw the race that Thormanby had grown stiff and stale, and had almost wholly lost that wonderful ease of motion which was so much admired at Epsom. The Wizard, also, did not turn out well. He was third, and Thormanby so far behind as fifth. The powers of St. Alban's were not unknown before this race, but he was believed to be an uncertain horse, who if he bore his preparation well would be very difficult to beat, but who might bear it badly. However, he came to the post all right, and beat the Wizard and Thormanby, as well as Sabreur, with ease. Two days later came the race for the Doncaster Cup, in which Thormanby again started and was beaten by Sabreur, a horse of whom, if he is well, the public will probably hear more this autumn.

The great interest of the Cup race at Ascot arises from its affording an opportunity of bringing out the horses of last year's Derby and St. Leger, after a winter's rest, to contend once more among themselves as well as with younger rivals. It had been hoped that three of the four principal performers of Doncaster would have appeared at Ascot. The Wizard, however, was withdrawn a fortnight back. But it was believed that Thormanby was now thoroughly himself, and sure to start. The running of St. Alban's was thought doubtful until the rain, which fell so seasonably just before the races, had improved the ground, to the encouragement of wavering owners. When it became certain that these two would start, very little attention was bestowed upon any other except Parmesan, a horse of established character both for speed and staying power, and a dangerous antagonist over the long course which must be traversed, and the final hill which has to be surmounted, in the Cup race. The appearance of Thormanby in his old Epsom form was hailed with general satisfaction by all who could afford to see him win. The horse looked and moved like his proper self, and one could not but admire, for the hundredth time, the good luck or judgment of Mr. Merry in bringing forward in successive years two such clippers as Thormanby and Dundee. It could scarcely perhaps be said that the winner of the St. Leger showed himself so thoroughly up to the mark as Thormanby. There is, however, something exceedingly imposing about St. Alban's. He is a horse that you would know again anywhere, and would readily believe to have done great things. Perhaps an observer is most struck with the size and power of his hind quarters, and the way in which he gets his hind legs under him to drive him forward. The only apparent failing is a certain thickness about the hocks. His colour is a darker chestnut than Thormanby's, and he has more white about him. Altogether he has a most distinguished look, but it is doubted, at least in some quarters, whether he is now all that he was at Doncaster; whereas Parmesan, who next claims our notice, looks as fit for work as horse can be, and seems thoroughly to deserve his character for sterling worth. There is a stable companion of St. Alban's named Plumper, whose business obviously is to make a pace, and whom nobody expects to

find anywhere but in the extreme rear at the finish. There is also the French horse Royallieu, who ran well forward for the Derby notwithstanding his getting cannoned at the Corner. There is Fairwater who ran third for the Oaks; and lastly, there is an animal with which we are by no means in love, called Dulcibella, which did belong to Mr. W. Day, but now appears in the colours of Lord Stamford, and which we cannot think will prove any great acquisition to that nobleman, although it is true that she contrived to win one of the great handicaps at Newmarket.

As Ascot, however popular, is not inundated by the vast crowds which throng to Epsom, it is possible to walk a favourite about the course and to saddle him in the open without danger of his getting buried in a mob. In the Cup race, the horses walk past the judge's chair and the stand towards the starting-post one by one as they are ready; then they canter back past the chair and again return slowly towards the post. Some who are earliest in the field pass and repass before the great body of the spectators several times. The running is from right to left along the straight and past the stand, then all round the heath, and turning a sharp corner into the straight again, and once more past the stand and the judge's chair. It is a beautiful sight to see the horses in a compact body and at a moderate pace as they go for the first time along the straight. It need not be said that Plumper is spending herself even at this early moment with liberality. Thormanby moves beautifully, and the supporters of other horses are well content with them. Royallieu singles himself out soon as a rear-guard. The three horses which command the largest share of notice keep well together, and reserve themselves for the crisis of the battle. Plumper maintains the lead at a great pace, and when she fails Dulcibella takes her place, whence she also after time falls back to join the exhausted Plumper in the rear. The French horse can pass this beaten couple, but he can do no more. Meantime Thormanby, St. Alban's, and Parmesan are preparing for the real struggle, which will come when the hill is to be mounted for the second time. The three horses turn the Corner almost together. St. Alban's, who is inside, has the slight advantage of rather a shorter course, but he does not seem to profit by it. Fairwater, who has kept hitherto in the rear, now closes with the leading horses as if to emulate the gallant race which two of the Oaks mares ran for the Ascot Cup last year. As the three horses advance up the straight Thormanby comes easily to the front, going quite within himself, and looking not in the least distressed by the efforts of Plumper and Dulcibella to make the pace destructive. It has told, however, upon Parmesan, and still more fatally upon St. Alban's. As far as these two are concerned the race is over, and there is nothing at all near Thormanby except Fairwater, who is able to make a good try at catching him, but not to do it. Thormanby takes the first and Fairwater the second place with ease. Parmesan is third, and St. Alban's fourth, forming a separate lot from the first two. Then, after an interval, comes Royallieu, and last of all at finishing are the two who were so eager to begin. The victory of Thormanby was as decided as were his two defeats at Doncaster. He showed all the freshness and elasticity of Epsom, while St. Alban's made as poor figure as did Thormanby over the St. Leger course. He was not absolutely last, like Gamester in the same race last year, but there never were two more complete failures than these two winners of the St. Leger have made in successive years at Ascot.

This rehabilitation of the fame of Thormanby will be some compensation to his owner for the great disappointment which he suffered in Dundee. It may not perhaps be unseasonable to remark, that the high position which Mr. Merry now holds upon the turf has been gained, as eminence in other pursuits is gained, by the unsparing application, during many years, of patience, thought, and money. With Hobbie Noble, for whom he gave 6500 guineas, and again with Lord of the Isles, the sire of Dundee, as well as with Thormanby and Dundee, he was thought for many months to have the Derby safe. If out of four good chances he has only reduced one to certainty, he is still fortunate in having won the Derby once after twenty-two years' steady prosecution of the business of breeding or buying horses which might try to win it. Some persons are disposed to think that Mr. Merry has found another clipper for next year in Buckstone, who, however, was beaten on Thursday in a race which, next to that for the Cup, excited the greatest interest, for the sake of the light that might be gained from it for the early preparation of books for the great event of 1862. This week's meeting has shown that the French party possess in Marignan about the best colt they have yet produced, but we believe he is not entered for the Derby. We ought not to omit to notice that Umpire, who carried so much American money in last year's Derby, was reduced to the humble office of making running for his comrade, Optimist, who won the Royal Stand Plate easily for Mr. Ten Broek. The meeting has also shown that Diaphantus is at least for the time disabled by his strong effort over the hard Epsom ground. In his absence, Lord Stamford successfully brought out Walloon. The appearance of this horse is always gratifying, for the sake of the strong likeness which he bears to his sire, the famous Flying Dutchman, who at Epsom, Doncaster, and Ascot, down hill as well as up hill, over all lengths and in all seasons, proved himself the best horse of modern times.

## MIDDLE AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

A GREAT deal of interest is felt in what, according to the recent neologism, are styled the Educational Establishments of the country. The sublime and the ridiculous have passed into each other, and while *Paterfamilias* has produced an approximate household book of the head-masters of the greatest of public schools, a Commission presided over by a noble Duke has not thought it beneath the duty of the Imperial Legislature to investigate the wardrobe and domestic offices attached, or not attached, to the Ragged Schools. Government has just resolved to bring all the great foundation schools into dock. In other words, the very highest and lowest of our schools receive the intimate, not to say intrusive, care and superintendence of the State. Commissions and Inspectors are costly. Although it is denied that the recent Education Commission has absorbed 40,000*l.*, it was undoubtedly an expensive affair; and the curious in statistics can tell us at what figure in the expenditure of the Committee of Privy Council her Majesty's Inspectors and Assistant-Inspectors of Schools are set down. But between the serene heights and pure air of Oxford and Cambridge and the swamps and morasses of those peculiar institutions which Lord Shaftesbury delights to honour, lies a long, low, level tract of flat but unexplored country, into which no Inspector enters, and the annals of which are written in no Blue-book. The Central Desert of English Education is thickly studded with institutions which, being in no sense public property, are exempt from public control, and consequently, for the most part, from public knowledge. The opprobrium of English education is to be found, not in its public schools nor its poor schools—not in its Universities nor its charity schools—but in its middle and private schools. Educationists—if we must use this horrid word—are quite aware of the weak place in our system; and even the private schoolmasters themselves, at least in the more respectable spheres of the profession, have done something to improve themselves before public enlightenment should improve them off the face of the earth. Attempts, *ab extra* as well as *ab intra*, are to be found for remedying this great disgrace of the country; and while the College of Preceptors has, with an eye to internal reform, instituted a system of examinations and of certificates—which we find, by the way, is not so successful as it ought to be—a connected series of schools has been established by Mr. Woodard, at Shoreham and elsewhere, with the object of superseding that hold upon middle-class education which has hitherto been so greedily held by the private, unendowed, and unqualified schoolmaster.

The great meeting at which Lord Brougham presided on Saturday last marks, we trust, an era in English education. There is something significant in the fact that the chairman was Lord Brougham. Could it be that the thought presented itself to the veteran "schoolmaster" who has been "abroad" for half a century, that perhaps the labour of his life had not hit the real or the worst blot in English society, and that it had been reserved for an unknown English clergyman to carry the lamp into the caves and dark places of the land, which the illumination of Mechanics' Institutes had vainly attempted to penetrate? Could it be that Lord Brougham himself had arrived at the conclusion that our really dangerous classes were exactly where we had most boasted of our stability, and that the tree was rotten in the trunk rather than in the root or branches? At any rate, the recognition given to Mr. Woodard's principle by Lord Brougham, forms an important chapter in the history of Mr. Woodard's Institutions. Those Institutions, as is well known, are strictly modelled after the pattern of the old foundation schools. They are only what perhaps Eton was meant to be—or rather, Eton accommodated to middle-class life. An ample staff of masters, spacious and sumptuous buildings, plain fare, and a common life—this is Mr. Woodard's very intelligible secret; and his schools vary in cost and quality of education according to status in the social scale. Lancing, Shoreham, and Hurstpierpoint are adapted to boys of different stations in life. It is only indirectly, but most effectually, that they grapple with the evil of private schools. They are designed to replace the suburban boarding-school; but it is hoped that they will exterminate that vilest type of day-schools, the commercial academy. What Mr. Woodard wishes to prove is that it will be as cheap to the grocer and cheesemonger to send his boy away from home to the pure air and pure morals of the Sussex Downs, as to the uncertificated insolvent in the next street who has opened an academy after graduating in Basinghall-street. An attempt has been made in another direction to improve the existing private schools by the middle-class examinations instituted by the universities; but, apart from the graver difficulties which beset this scheme, there will always remain a great class of schools whose interest it is to avoid the publicity of examinations and inspection. These, if we cannot mend, we must expose; and as public inspection is impossible, we must try what we can do by private inspection.

No doubt everybody feels that it is of equal importance to the community that private as well as public schools should be inspected. The analogy of the medical profession, which requires some sort of license or certificate for those who cure, or pretend to cure, our physical ailments, is in favour of a universal system of certificated schoolmasters. So is the old precedent, which required every schoolmaster to be licensed by the Bishop. But there is the more formidable and popular analogy of religion on

the opposite side. Free trade in religious teaching is complemented by unlicensed liberty in secular education. *Caveat emptor.* Let the purchaser look to the quality of the wares in the market. Quacks, charlatans, and impostors in the pulpit and in the pedagogue's desk must abound when any man, in the last resource, may turn preacher or schoolmaster. All that is left for us now is to expose, whenever we get an insight into it, the sort of thing which the world gets, and which it is too contented to receive, from its uncertified preachers and schoolmasters on the purely voluntary principle. The thing, of course, is trivial and offensive; but as it is only by accident that a glimpse into the inner working of a private classical and commercial academy can be obtained, why we must peep through the schoolroom key-hole where we cannot walk in at the schoolroom door. Not that there is any violation of confidence in the matter; for the materials we are going to quote were clearly intended as an advertisement.

We are indebted to the *Islington Times* of May 17 for the Report of "an interesting meeting" of "the pupils of the Rev. T. B. Barker," who, "with his permission, invited their parents and friends to meet them and their tutor in their schoolroom at Brunswick House." It need hardly be said that neither the Rev. T. B. Barker, nor the clerical gentlemen subsequently named, occur in the Clergy List; and Brunswick House has not yet taken rank with Harrow. But in so far as Mr. Barker and Brunswick House represent the sort of institution in which nine-tenths of the middle-classes—the clerks and shopkeepers and respectable tradesmen—receive their "education," it is of no little social interest to see our Brunswick Houses at work. No doubt the soil in which this particular tree of knowledge is planted is peculiar. The parish of Islington has the reputation of being the especial *quartier* of Evangelical religion. Islington education must have the truly pious flavour; and the Islington commercial academy must be permeated and suffused with the choice aroma of the place. "The principal object of the meeting was the presentation of a pair of gold spectacles to the reverend Professor, as a token of the esteem and affection in which he is held by his pupils." At seven o'clock, "the business of the evening commenced by singing 'All Hail! the power of Jesus' Name.' After which, Mr. Thomas Dix, jun., lately a student at Brunswick House, but now at Cheshunt College, engaged in prayer. The Rev. H. L. Adams, in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Kimmett, took the chair, and, without delay, requested Master Charles Walton to report proceedings . . . Then followed another pupil, a youth of about sixteen, who, in a very becoming and graceful manner, presented the glasses to his respected tutor, accompanying the act with a speech, which for originality, fervour, affection, ease, and intelligence," &c. &c. "He stated that only six months ago, when he entered the school, he did not know a vowel from a consonant, but now he had a good idea of English grammar, some acquaintance with Latin and Greek, and that he was determined, by the help of God, which he sought daily by earnest prayer, to make the best use of his tutor and opportunities," &c. . . . "The effect of this address thrilled and delighted every one present." After another hymn, "the reverend tutor addressed the assembly in a speech . . . which produced a heaven-like feeling among the audience, which seemed to say Amen, Amen." After some more greasy talk of this kind, "Mr. Dix bore his testimony . . . and recommended all parents to search out such an instructor and such a school," and "the meeting was closed by an earnest prayer by the Rev. T. B. Barker on behalf of the parents, friends, and pupils"—after which "the meeting dispersed, and every one seemed to be filled with joy and longing for the return of such a privilege." The report winds up with this pious orison:—"Happy should the pupils be who have such a tutor, and are favoured with such interesting, important, and varied instruction."

We make "the Rev. Tutor of Brunswick House" a present of what doubtless will stand him in stead of an advertisement; and we are certainly not going to comment on the "interesting meeting," the report of which occupies so much space in the local penny journal. There are some things too offensive to deal with—prayer and praise are made to stink in the nostrils when thus prostituted. But this is not our present concern. We much fear that such institutions as this represent a class, and that much of what little we know of private schools reproduces the same type. Even the Eastbourne schoolmaster, Hopley, who flogged the poor boy to death, "engaged in prayer" between the instalments of murder. He also offered especial "opportunities" and religious "privileges" of this sort. His instruction, like that of Brunswick House, was "interesting, important, and varied." Are we to conclude that the staple of the classical and commercial academies is as this choice Islington specimen? If this is the religion and morality inculcated by precept and example in suburban commercial academies, we can quite understand a good deal of what we are told about the character of the British shopkeeper. If this is middle-class education in one of the chosen haunts of the middle classes—a model school in a model parish—a school conducted on high Christian principles—we can understand almost any amount of cant, pretence, imposture, and hypocrisy in a certain stratum of British society. Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. We are certainly not in a position to generalize on the life of our own generation unless we know something of our middle-class schools.

## THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

IV.

THE subject of Professor Max Müller's eighth Lecture was the Morphological Classification of Language (*morphe*, form), based on the form or manner in which roots are put together and made into words, and therefore entirely distinct from Genealogical Classification as examined in a preceding Lecture. Before entering on his main topic, the Lecturer gave a rapid sketch of the Semitic family of speech, which consists of three well-defined branches. First, the *Aramaic*, known to us in two dialects—the Syriac and Chaldee. The Syriac is still spoken by some Christian sects in Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, but it is best known by a translation of the Bible, ascribed to the second century, and by the early Christian literature, dating from the fourth century. The Chaldee is the language adopted by the Jews during the Babylonish captivity, and in parts of the Book of Ezra, and of the Apocrypha, and the Targums, were originally written. The few authentic words preserved in the New Testament, as spoken by our Lord, are in this dialect. The ancient Babylonian language, which must have been the vehicle of a most extensive literature, is lost, but may be recovered in the Cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Nineveh.

The second Semitic branch is the Hebrew, which consists of the sacred language of the Jews. The dialects of Phenicia and Carthage, as far as they are known from inscriptions, are most closely related to Hebrew. Nearly the whole area formerly occupied by the Aramaic and Hebrew branches is now monopolized by the third branch—the Arabic, an offshoot of which was established in very early times in Abyssinia. The peculiarity of the whole Semitic family is, that every root must consist of three consonants, which remain intact, while numerous words are derived from them by a mere change of vowels. The Berber dialects of Africa, and the Galla and Haussa languages, together with the language of Egypt from the earliest hieroglyphics to modern Coptic, have also been classed as Semitic, though their degree of relationship is still undetermined.

The Professor then stated that the Aryan and Semitic are the only true families of speech, as they alone possessed a finished system of grammar before the first divergence of their dialects. There are, however, many languages closely connected with each other, which do not show such marked features of a common descent, because they became broken up before the settlement of either their dictionary or grammar. These languages are best classed Morphologically.

The Lecturer said that, having proved in a former lecture that all languages are reducible in the end to roots, it was clear that according to the manner in which these roots are put together, we may expect to find three kinds of language. These three kinds or stages he designated respectively as—1. The Radical Stage, where roots are used as words, each root being carefully guarded against phonetic corruption. Languages in this stage have been called Monosyllabic or Isolating. 2. The Terminal Stage, where two or more roots are joined to form words, and the principal root alone retains fully its independent signification. These languages have generally been called *Agglutinative*, from *gluten*, glue—the significative and modifier roots being, as it were, glued together. 3. The Inflectional Stage, where two or more roots may be joined to form words, and all these component elements of words may have suffered from phonetic decay. Such languages have also been called organic or amalgamating. Under the first head, the Lecturer classed Chinese, and its dialects, in which each root is a distinct word, and has its own substantial meaning, grammatical forms being entirely unknown. To the second class belong all the Turanian languages. The Professor, who was himself the first to establish this third family of speech, divided it into Northern and Southern. The Northern, or Ural-Altaic or Mongol-Tartarie, comprehends the Tungusic, Mongolic, Turkic, Samoyedic, and Finnic tongues; the Southern, the Tamulic (Dekhan), the Bhotiya (Thibet or Bhotan), the Taic (Siam), and the Malaic (Malay and Polynesia). To the third class or stage belong the Semitic and Aryan families.

After explaining that the Morphological Classification exhausts all possible forms of language, and that every dialect that is now, or ever has been spoken, must belong to one of these three classes, the Professor approached the problem of the common origin of human speech. He divided the problem into two parts. The objections against a common origin of language are based either on the form or the matter of speech. With regard to the former, the Lecturer showed that it was not a mere theory, but an indisputable fact, that every inflectional language had once been agglutinative; that every agglutinative language had once been radical; that, therefore, as far as the forms of languages are concerned, no valid objection could be urged against the admission of a common origin. He explained how it was that languages, after they had once become settled and hardened, either in the radical, agglutinative, or inflectional stage, should keep to the mould in which they were cast at the time of their first national establishment. A Chinese actually despises a language in which every syllable has not a meaning of its own. A Turanian cannot conceive how language is possible unless the radical element at least of each word is preserved intact; while to us the very cor-

ruption of the radical elements of words seems to be essential to the unfettered expression of thought.

In his last Lecture, the Professor entered on an examination of the radical elements of speech, in order to show that no valid argument has yet been adduced against the possibility of a common origin of roots. He remarked that we could know nothing of the origin of roots from historical sources, and that the experiments which had been made with children, in order to discover what words they would utter first, if left to themselves, were perfectly useless. The right way to discover the origin of the radical elements of language is to compare man with those animals that come nearest to him, and to find out what he shares in common with them, and what is peculiar to him and to him alone. Animals were shown to possess sensation, perception, memory, and even intellect, but an intellect confined to the handling of individual perceptions. In addition to these man possesses the faculty of abstraction, i.e., the power of forming general ideas or conceptions. This faculty of forming general ideas was shown to coincide with the faculty of speech. Roots had been explained by some scholars as imitations of natural sounds, by others as interjections. Neither of these theories, however, which the Lecturer characterized respectively as the Bow-wow and the Pooh-pooh theories, suffices to explain more than the playthings of language. Words thus formed are sterile, because, not being founded on general conceptions, they are inapplicable to any but the narrowest sphere of ideas. The fact that every word is originally a predicate—that names, though signs of individual conceptions, are all derived from general ideas—is one of the most important discoveries in the Science of Language. Though language had always been claimed as a distinguishing characteristic of man, and though it was known that the having of general ideas is that which puts a perfect distinction between man and brutes, it was not suspected that these two were only different expressions of the same fact until the theory of roots had been established against the theories of Onomatopoeia and of Interjections. The Lecturer explained that roots are phonetic types. He appealed to what seems to be a law running through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck rings; each substance has its own ring, and different rings are produced according to the nature of each strike. Man in his primitive and perfect state must have been endowed not only, like the animal, with the power of expressing his sensations by interjections, and his perceptions by onomatopoeia, but likewise with the faculty of giving articulate expression to each rational conception which thrilled for the first time through his brain. This faculty, or mental instinct, became fainter, like other instincts, and was at last extinguished when no longer needed. The Professor concluded by thanking the President and Council of the Royal Institution for having given him an opportunity of claiming some share of public sympathy for the Science of Language—a science for which he considered that a great future was in store, though he feared that in the brief space of nine Lectures he had only been able to excite, not to satisfy, the curiosity of his audience.

## THE STRAND BURLESQUES.

WHEN, in the Easter holidays of 1858, the little theatre in the Strand was opened by Miss Swanborough, it could scarcely have been supposed that an event of great importance to the play-going world had taken place. Many years had elapsed since the house acquired a sort of literary celebrity under the management of Mr. Hammond, who brought out a series of pieces, dramatized by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, from his own contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and also a drama by Mr. Moncrieff, founded on the *Pickwick Papers*—then a new work, by a young, fresh author, who was springing up into celebrity under the pseudonym of Boz. More than twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Hammond abandoned his management of the Strand, to commence a brief but disastrous career at Drury Lane, and from the period of his secession to the year 1858, the house acquired an evil reputation as a place of ill omen, associated with a number of abortive enterprises.

The history of an unprosperous theatre, with no character to lose, and consequently ready to be taken by any one who chooses to become a lessee, presents as many complications as that of the old French Revolution. Monarchies, conventions, dictatorships, directorates, press close upon each other, and the man who wants to study politics in miniature could not perhaps do better than pass his time behind the scenes of one of those theatres which are almost ignored by the general public, and to which success seems impossible. First in the series of adventurers comes the obscure *entrepreneur* of whom scarcely anybody has heard, and who rallies round him those minor "stars" of the profession who, having passed their lives in useless aspiration, grasp at any opportunity of holding a high position for however short a time. These poor fellows are not like the dog in the fable who lost his substantial meal while dipping for a shadow, for with them life has been but a phantasmagoria of shadows without any substance at all. After a few weeks, the manager flies from his responsibilities, missed by no one but his wretched company, who forthwith form themselves into a republic, with the intention of sharing the profits. The citizens of the republic, assembled in conven-

tion, appoint a committee, which soon splits itself into factions, until a number of paltry oligarchies merge into the government of an ignoble dictator. Accurately to recount the vicissitudes of one of these hapless States would require the genius of a Thucydides; but folks of the Thucydidean stamp are not disposed to busy themselves about such trifles, and if they were they would find no readers, for the revolutions of unsuccessful London play-houses are of as little moment to the London public as the troubles of Nicaragua. Indeed, public indifference lies at the basis of the whole series of calamities, just as a short crop proves a powerful motive in many a political uproar. While governments rise and fall in the regions situated beyond the orchestra, the portion of the house on this side of the boundary generally presents to the curious eye a series of empty benches, unless, indeed, a scanty assemblage has been brought together by an extraordinary extension of the paper circulation.

Such a history does not belong exclusively to the Strand Theatre, nor do the fortunes of that house present the most forcible illustration of those theatrical revolutions which frequently occur in London. Under the management of Mr. W. Farren, who opened it about twelve years since, and collected a very efficient company, it began to rise into importance; but the Olympic becoming vacant shortly afterwards, Mr. Farren removed his troupe to the larger house, and there commenced a rule which is still memorable from the fact that it first introduced Mr. F. Robson to the notice of the central London public. Thus the Strand relapsed into insignificance, from which Mr. Copeland, the Liverpool manager, attempted to raise it in 1851, the year of the "Great Exhibition." It was now called "Punch's Playhouse," and the proposed intention of the Lancashire manager was to bring out short pieces, satirically and playfully touching on topics of the day—a grand topic being the Crystal Palace itself. But the principle of amusing a public with dramatic satires on passing events, however sound it may have been in the case of Aristophanes and the directors of Marionette theatres on the Continent, is very unsafe in London, when it is carried beyond the introduction of occasional sarcasms into pantomime and burlesque. With a free press and abundance of newspapers, we English have so many facilities for openly assailing every thing of which we disapprove, that the puny shaft indirectly aimed by the satirical dramatist seems to us but a child's toy—the weakest of all weapons to be found in the arsenal of public opinion.

Mr. Copeland, who could make nothing of the Strand Theatre, soon abandoned it, and from 1851 to 1858 a darkness prevails that can only be penetrated with the aid of a file of those newspapers which especially devote themselves to the record of theatrical events, however insignificant. The house, we believe, was generally open; for the passenger who travelled from Temple-bar to Charing-cross at eventide, might observe that its passage was lighted. Moreover, through that general revelation of theatrical events which is annually made in the morning papers on the morrow of boxing-day, one learned by intervals that some amusing burlesque had been produced at the Strand. But it was not one of the theatres talked of in ordinary society; and if it had a little public of its own, the patronage must have been as purely local as that of a country town.

The dark period to which we have just alluded was pregnant with revolutions, and in consequence of the failures that seemed to attend every attempt to bring the Strand Theatre into public notice, a theory gained ground, that the dimensions of the house were too small to allow of a remunerative management. If the Strand had been crammed to suffocation by a money-paying audience every night, and the contents of the treasury had then been found incommensurate with the necessary expenditure, this theory would have been established; but as the house was for the most part but scantly attended, and afforded accommodation for at least three times as many persons as paid their money to participate in the intellectual delights it offered, the hypothesis was manifestly unfitted to account for the continuity of ill-fortune. Anything more absurd than the spectacle of a manager contemplating a series of empty or paper-filled benches from the stage, and exclaiming that they are not sufficiently numerous for the accommodation of his patrons, can scarcely be conceived; but from time immemorial the tools have been doomed to bear the blame of the unskillful artisan. The sluggard in the third satire of Persius, incapacitated by rich Falernian from the pursuit of his morning studies, finds fault with his pen and ink. The theatrical speculator who cannot bring fifty people together finds his theatre too small.

With the accession of Miss Swanborough to the management of the Strand in 1858, a completely new era began. The house is now not only one of the most popular, but one of the most fashionable in London. The occupants of the dress boxes and stalls wear that languid indolent air which bespeaks aristocratic patronage, and the West-end man about town does not think his experiences in actual life complete till he has seen the last new burlesque at the Strand, and can pronounce a strong opinion on the merits of Miss Marie Wilton. We have no predilection for slang, but if we said that the Strand was the "swell" theatre of the day, we should accurately define the position it at present holds.

In the old days of Mr. W. Hammond, when the theatre was popular, but not fashionable, burlesque was one of the important elements of success; and a travestie of *Othello*, in which the

Moor was represented by the manager, is as vividly remembered by elderly playgoers as the dramatized *Pickwick* or the *Perils of Pippins*. Even through the Cimmerian darkness in which the house has from time to time been enveloped, an almost unbroken chain of burlesque has been continued, and has faintly sparkled through the dense obscurity. Miss Swanborough, therefore, by devoting herself mainly to the production of burlesque, maintained the old tradition of the house. But her efforts in this respect were accompanied by an exquisite taste which enabled her to qualify broad fun with all the elegancies of modern stage management. The old Strand burlesques were destitute of ornament, and depended on that coarse kind of drollery that may be dated from *Tom Thumb*. The new Strand burlesques, on the other hand, still broadly comic, are beautifully put on the stage, and are illustrated by singing and dancing to an extent that is really marvellous, when we consider the dimensions of the house.

Burlesques are occasionally played at nearly every theatre in London, especially at Easter; but at the Strand, the taste for parody takes a particular shape, which is not to be found elsewhere. Here, with slight interruption, burlesques are acted all the year round, and although the principal actors are likewise employed in light comedies and farces, it is in burlesque that they chiefly display their talent. At other houses, with the exception of the Olympic, where the grotesque tragedy of Mr. F. Robson is a leading specialty, the reverse is the case; and the performers who are forced into burlesque on the recurrence of the Paschal holidays are obviously discharging an unpleasant and ungrateful duty. They gain heartier and more legitimate applause in every other department of their art, whereas the fame of the Strand artists mainly rests on their burlesquing skill. When exhibiting the wildest melodramatic contortions, when expressing the most violent emotions by a frantic dance, when singing the last new nigger tune, with its strange peculiarities, they are all thoroughly in their element, they all perfectly understand how to accommodate each other's humour, and they are all certain of an applauding roar. We doubt whether a happier set of persons is to be found in the world than Messrs. J. Rogers, J. Bland, Poynter, and J. Clarke; Mesdames C. Saunders, E. Bufton, J. Josephs, and M. Wilton, while engaged in the performance of *Aladdin*. Some of these have earned their reputation entirely on the boards of the little Strand Theatre, and may almost be regarded as Autochthons. This is their own, their native land; and they reside in it, habituated to its customs, and free from the slightest wish to migrate to strange regions, where they might not be so warmly recognised, and where they would not be so consistently supported.

With the fortunes of the Strand have been developed the talents of Mr. Byron, who, as the complete type of the modern burlesque writer, is the poet exactly fitted to the theatre. For mastery in his peculiar school of grotesque art—a school founded by Mr. F. Talfourd—a singular proficiency in the art of punning is required, for the dialogue would be considered weak and flabby if half-a-dozen lines were heard devoid of some striking play upon words. Nor will those obvious puns which lie on the surface of the language, and which amply contented our fathers, satisfy the modern connoisseur of burlesque. The punster is expected not only to bring together a set of words phonetically similar, but he must prove his own ingenuity, and this can only be done by a constant and laborious effort after new combinations. An extremely far-fetched pun will often elicit a groan from the audience, but this does not so much express disapprobation as a sympathy with the mental strain which the wit must have undergone in approximating sounds that at the first glance have nothing in common between them. Another qualification of the modern burlesque-writer is a quick apprehension of all those topics, political and social, with which the public may be supposed to take an interest at the time when the work is produced. Although, as we have already said, a piece mainly written for the purpose of satirical allusion will in general be a bore, a burlesque that is already endowed with the attractions of song, dance, fun, and practical jokes, will be rendered doubly effective by a liberal infusion of satire; and it is a curious feature of the day, that however aristocratic an audience may be, a democratic view of things in general will always find favour. We should not be at all surprised to learn that Mr. F. Talfourd and Mr. Byron made for themselves, in their leisure moments, a monthly register to chronicle passing events, and also a kind of punning lexicon to lessen their labour when the period of actual production arrived. An odd collision may, at a happy moment, be embodied in a farce, but a Strand burlesque could not be written without some of that patient drudgery which is required for a copy of Greek Lambics. A very artificial structure of language is required, and proficiency can only be attained by constant and assiduous study.

But however brilliant the author, his burlesque will never produce its full effect unless it is performed by a company thoroughly trained for the purpose. Such a company is to be found at the Strand Theatre, where Miss Swanborough's system of management is now carried on by her brother, and the success of the once unfortunate house is an illustration of a truth that cannot be too often repeated—namely, that every metropolitan manager ought to devote his theatre to one special department of art, and endeavour to attain perfection in that department, without wasting his energies on heterogeneous experiments.

## REVIEWS.

TANNHÄUSER.\*

EXPERIENCE has proved that it is scarcely possible that any poetry should be written, unless of a very high order, without being clothed in the form rendered familiar by the writings of a great poet. Almost all the current poetry of the day is moulded in the likeness of some one of the writings of Mr. Tennyson. *Tannhäuser* is unmistakeably and avowedly so. It is an Idyll, after the pattern of Mr. Tennyson's Idylls. His language, his versification, his general method of treating the subject, all the little turns and arts of his muse, are faithfully and laboriously copied. Nevertheless, *Tannhäuser* is a remarkable, and even in its way an original production. There is no reason why verses should be commonplace because they are turned out according to a particular pattern; and as we read this volume, we feel that its authors have thought and felt for themselves, although, when they came to express what they had to say, they saw nothing to be gained and much to be lost by trying to conceal the influence which a favourite writer exercised over them. We soon cease to care about the poem being an imitation, and look only to its intrinsic merits; and we then find that a difficult subject has been treated with much delicacy and subtlety, that the poem abounds with varied and happy images, and that the writers have a very unusual command of language, and a very clear perception of the artistic effect of what they write. *Tannhäuser* has the singular merit of being at once entertaining and poetical.

*Tannhäuser* is a knight at the court of a prince who lives at Wartburg, in Thuringia, and is called the Landgrave Hermann; and he is not only the noblest and bravest of the knights there assembled, and the most skilful in song, but he is beloved of the Princess Elizabeth, niece of the Landgrave, who "grew among the shaggy barons like the pale mild-eyed March-violet of the north." Fair, however, as was *Tannhäuser* to look at, there lurked a poison in his breast. He pined to know the mystery of Venus, who is represented as having retired to a neighbouring mountain, after her reign had been ended in Greece and Rome. At the outer edge of barbaric Christianity the fatal goddess dwells, and entices into her power all who listen to her spells. *Tannhäuser* fancies that Elizabeth loves him, and while his mind is wavering between its sense of her purity and beauty and the dreadful attractions of the mystic goddess, the lovers meet. Unfortunately, they part without any pledge having been given, and without *Tannhäuser* having the definite barrier of an acknowledged devotion to oppose to his lawless fancies. He wanders on to the ominous mountain, and there calls on Venus to descend and bless him. His prayer is heard:—

Scarce those wild words  
Were utter'd, when like mist the marble moved,  
Flusht with false life. Deep in a sleepy cloud  
He seem'd to sink beneath the sumptuous face  
Lean'd o'er him,—all the whiteness, all the warmth,  
And all the luxury of languid limbs,  
Where violet vein-streaks, lost in limpid lengths  
Of snowy surface, wander faint and fine;  
Whilst cymbal'd music, stol'n from underneath,  
Creeps through a throbbing light that grows and glows  
From glare to greater glare, until it gluts  
And gulls him in.

Month after month *Tannhäuser* is missed at court, until "the absent one became at last a memory and no more," and is remembered by no one except the faithful Elizabeth. One day, however, during a great hunt, Wolfram, a pensive minstrel knight, a friend of *Tannhäuser*, and a hopeless lover of Elizabeth, comes to a lonely place, where he finds "a lonely knight, who sat on a great stone watching the clouds." This is *Tannhäuser*; and the Landgrave and all his court rush forward to welcome him:—

But the man himself  
Could answer nothing; staring with blank eyes  
From face to face, then up into the blue  
Bland heavens above; astounded, and like one  
Who, suddenly awaking out of sleep  
After sore sickness, knows his friends again,  
And would pierce their faces, but breaks off  
To list the frolic bleating of the lamb  
In far off fields, and wonder at the world  
And all its strangeness.

He is invited to a great minstrel match by the good Landgrave, who thinks that love of Elizabeth has driven him into solitude, and that if he succeeds in a contest of the bards this may furnish a good opportunity for all difficulties being smoothed over, and for Elizabeth being permitted to crown his wishes. *Tannhäuser* complies. The day is appointed, and comes. A brilliant assemblage is gathered together, with the Princess in the seat of honour to award the prize; and the Landgrave, wishing to fix a theme on which *Tannhäuser* is sure to shine, announces that the bards are to rival each other in hymning the powers of love. Accordingly they sing; but it is soon seen that they understand love in different senses. *Tannhäuser* is still under the dominion of the fiend that has lately possessed him, and will sing of none but sensual love, and of nothing but the delights of wild passion, until at last he openly announces that all who are wise will do as

he has done, and woo Venus on the mountain of Hörsel. The consternation and uproar that follows this announcement is immense, and all the women fly in horror, except one:—

One alone  
Of all that awe-struck womanhood remain'd,  
The Princess. She, a purple hairbell frail,  
That, swathed with whirlwind, to the bleak rock clings  
When half a forest falls before the blast,  
Rooted in utter wretchedness, and robed  
In mockery of splendid state, still sat;  
Still watch'd the waste that widen'd in her life;  
And looked as one that in a nightmare hangs  
Upon an edge of horror, while from beneath  
The creeping billow of calamity  
Sprays all his hair with cold; but hand or foot  
He may not move, because the formless Fear  
Gapes vast behind him. Grief within the void  
Of her stark eyes stood tearless: terror blanch'd  
Her countenance; and, over cloudy brows,  
The shaken diamond made a restless light,  
And trembled as the trembling star that hangs  
O'er Cassiopeia i' the windy north.

The barons, in a frenzy of insulted piety, rush to kill him; but the Princess throws herself between him and their swords, and stays their hands. She conjures them not to slay unrepenting a soul that is stained with so foul a sin. The Landgrave also interferes, and bids *Tannhäuser* flee to Rome to get absolution, if possible, from the Vicar of Christ. The proud heart of *Tannhäuser* is melted by the love and nobleness of the Princess, and he begins to feel the pangs of remorse, and to pine for restoration to his lost purity. At the moment of this change it happens that the music of a band of pilgrims, on their way to Rome, is heard:—

And "salvum me fac Domine" they sung  
Sonorous, in the ghostly going out  
Of the red-litten eve along the land.

*Tannhäuser* rushes to join the sacred band, and as he goes lifts to Elizabeth "one lingering long look, wild with remorse and vague with vast regrets." He goes, and for two years nothing more is heard of him. Elizabeth spends the time in constant prayer for his welfare and his forgiveness.

And fondly wove  
Her webs of wistful fantasy till the moon  
Was high in heaven, and in its light she kneel'd,  
A faded wacher through the weary night,  
A meek, sweet statue at the silver shrines,  
In deep perpetual prayer for him she loved.

At last there is a sound of the pilgrims returning, and full of hope, anxiety, and love, the Princess hurries to a wood, where she conceals herself, that she may see the train go by and single out her beloved from among them. She looks into every face, and still thinks, as each link of the procession passes, that *Tannhäuser* will come next, until the whole series has gone by, and she looks on the last of the pilgrims. She sees that it is not *Tannhäuser*, but, unable any longer to restrain herself, she throws herself on this last wayfarer to beg for news of the lost one. The pilgrim will not for a moment desist singing his solemn chant, but when the Princess asks whether *Tannhäuser* is returned, shakes his head, and when, in the depth of her agony, she entreats to be told whether her lover received his shrift, he shakes his head again. This is her death-blow. She cannot bear the dreadful tidings that *Tannhäuser*'s sin is not to be purged away. The same terrible message is delivered more explicitly to Wolfram by another pilgrim, and Wolfram, in awe and grief, flees into the mountain solitudes:—

And thrice the double twilights rose and fell  
About a land where nothing seem'd the same,  
At eve or dawn, as in the time gone by.  
But, when the fourth day like a stranger slipp'd  
To his unhonour'd grave, God's Angel passed  
Across the threshold of the Landgrave's hall,  
And in his bosom bore to endless peace  
The weary spirit of Elizabeth.  
Then, in that hour when death with gentle hand  
Had droop'd the quiet eyelids o'er the eyes  
That Wolfram loved, to Wolfram's heart there came  
A calmness like the calmness of a grave  
Wail'd safe from all the noisy walks of men  
In some green place of peace where daisies grow.

But soon after, Wolfram comes on the form of a man lying among the rocks, so blurred and changed that he does not recognise his friend. It is *Tannhäuser* who tells him of his long journey, his deep penitence, of the judgment of the Pope, who declares that such a sin cannot be remitted any more than his dry staff can bud into green leaf, and of his weary, hopeless state. But he is not free from the spells that haunt him, and he suddenly hears the songs of the fiends, who tempt him to return to the Goddess of Beauty. Wolfram wakes him to another mood by telling him of the death of Elizabeth. *Tannhäuser* expresses the deepest penitence, and lies down to die, when the funeral procession of Elizabeth moves past him. He summons all his strength, and throws himself on the bier of the Princess, when all at once a sound of hymns is heard across the hills, and hurrying messengers come to tell him that a miracle has been wrought in his favour, that the Pope's staff has burst into leaf, and that absolution has been granted. *Tannhäuser* and Elizabeth, "severed by Life and Sin, by Love and Death united," sleep in one grave, while Sir Wolfram retires to a hermitage.

Such is the outline of the story, and it is precisely because the story is worked out with an even and continuous excellence, and

\* *Tannhäuser; or, the Battle of the Bards.* A Poem. By Neville Temple and Edward Trevor. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861.

because the language, always careful, and often very successful in its imitation, without descending into direct plagiarism, occasionally rises into passages of considerable force, that *Tannhäuser* is well worth reading. The Songs of the Bards are perhaps not quite up to the level of the narrative, but the narrative is almost uniformly impressive and poetical. We hope that two writers who can do so much may follow up their present success with further efforts in the future.

## THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.\*

THE difficulty of translating Catullus can hardly be exaggerated by those who have made the attempt, or conceived by those who have not. Pezay, who rendered him into French prose, and who, by avoiding verse rhymed or unrhymed, eluded the capital difficulty, was not far from the truth when he wrote—"Une traduction de Catulle et de Tibulle en vers est l'œuvre de la vie entière." So to employ a life would indeed be "an alarming sacrifice" of time, and pleasant neither in prospect nor in retrospect. Yet Catullus is a poet of sufficient worth and power to render the translation of his verses a well-befitting occupation for leisure hours. For, in the first place, to turn into English verse, such as shall at once be faithful to the author and attractive to the reader, any Greek or Roman poet, is a task of no common responsibility. Christendom and Pagandom are not more opposed to each other in religion than they are in eloquence and art. Their respective poets proposed to themselves different objects in writing. They osculate rarely—they never coincide. To the one, "the elder brood," the outward form is the "be-all and end-all" of the writer; to the other it is the integument of the indwelling and actuating spirit. Hence, in translating a Greek or Latin poet, if the different genius of the languages prohibits us from repeating the metrical form, we must provide an equivalent for it, or we misrepresent what we have undertaken to copy.

There are degrees, indeed, of resistance to the transmuting process. Of Juvenal and Lucan we possess satisfactory versions by Gifford and Rowe. The *nexus* of their thoughts is palpable and simple; their images are derived from sources universal to mankind, not peculiar to Greece or Rome; and the difficulties presented by them can be cleared up by scholiasts or by acquaintance with ancient usages. Our ten-syllable heroic measure fairly represents the original hexameter line. Homer and Virgil, inasmuch as they treat of what is external, and deal with passion or sentiment only so far as they are embodied in action, present to their translator only one serious difficulty; but that difficulty has hitherto proved insurmountable. No modern tongue has shown itself capable of conveying unimpaired the majesty and melody of either Greek or Roman epic verse. We know how the Homeric lines fared in Pope's and Cowper's hands. The one turned them into a series of brilliant epigrams, sparkling and cold as the Heroic Epistles of Ovid. The other chilled the warmth and toned down the colours of Homer into a sober drab-tinted hue, through which gods and men loom feebly, and the camp of the Achaeans, the synod of the Trojans, and the deities in council have much of the air of a Quakers' meeting-house. Chapman occasionally catches a note or two from the Ionic trumpet, but presently blows so discordant a blast as would have shocked the ear of Stentor himself.

When we pass from the comparative smoothness of epic and satirical plains to the uneven surface of dramatic and lyric poetry, the translator's difficulties are involved and multiplied on every side. For the Iambic measure of tragedy—and this remark applies to Aristophanes and comedy also—the blank verse of Shakespeare or Massinger is a tolerable equivalent. But for the hurrying trochaics, the bounding anapests, or the more intricate systems of the chorus, what compensation has hitherto been devised? To Aeschylus and Sophocles such translators as Potter, Franklin, Dale, and Co. are as the frost which chains a mighty river. They benumb the poetic stream. Its speed is arrested; no breeze ruffles its face; its rushing sound is silenced; neither rock nor sands any longer check or chafe its flood. With lyrical verse the examples of successful translation are even more scarce. It fares with the gentle Simonides and with the "burning Sappho" alike. His lambent flame and her central fire are alike reluctant to glow in any modern lamp.

We have stated these inherent obstacles to translation from the ancients not by way of plea (for none is required) for Mr. Theodore Martin's *Catullus*, but to afford our readers some measure of the resistance he has encountered, and generally overcome. In the Notes appended to his admirable version of "The Odes of Horace," he gave a pledge, which he has now redeemed, of his ability to translate Catullus also. Whether his version of the republican bard will be as welcome to the public as that of the Augustan one has proved, remains to be seen. It is incomparably the more arduous task of the two. Directly in his own writings, or indirectly through Pope, Boileau, and other channels, Horace is almost everybody's acquaintance. Catullus, on the contrary, is nearly a stranger, beyond his name, to most persons. Horace, by the aid of a tailor and hatter, and a few lessons in language and manners, might have been the

guest of Halifax and the friend of Addison. Catullus is both locally and personally a Roman, and could hardly have been acclimated by years of probation at the Court of the great Anna, or the greater Louis. Horace deals with ethical questions that will always interest mankind. His loves are imaginary or transient; his politics are accommodating; his philosophy, the art of living and dying easily. Catullus had no philosophy, but he was absorbed and even torn by conflicting passions. His love was a devouring flame; his hatred was nearly as intense as his love; and for him to write verse was a necessity, and not, as for Horace, an instrument for bettering his condition by tickling the ears of Caesar and his Court. From these causes, his writings possess an individuality—and this is one of their principal charms—which it is difficult to transplant into a foreign idiom, yet which, in any satisfactory version of them, must be scrupulously retained. Pope has imitated and sometimes even improved upon Horace. Had he attempted to imitate Catullus, he would have succeeded no better than Cowley did in his efforts to soar on Pindar's wings.

Again, Horace wrote at a period when Rome—with some important differences indeed—bore resemblance to a modern capital. There was some decorum in manners, some discretion in speech. There was the shadow of future courts in the circle of which Augustus was the centre. There were a few great lords and a few literary coteries, to be expanded centuries after into De Rohans, De Lauzuns, Royal Academies, and Hôtels de Rambouillet; whereas the society for which Catullus wrote bore not the slightest affinity to London or Paris at any epoch. The ancient strictness of Roman life was dissolved, or lingered in the house of Cato alone. Vulgar millionaires sat on the stools of the original patricians. Caesar, indeed, was of the *sangre azul*; but the "new man," Cicero, was at the moment as good a man as he, and the rich Licinii and Luculli looked down upon the noble Fabii and Cornelii. It was a Saturnalian time, and the verses of Catullus reflect its features.

Like Horace, Catullus is often his own biographer; and though we could wish to peep into his parish register, or to ask his friends, Furius and Aurelius, a few questions about his life and conversation, we have really a very tolerable acquaintance with him, which Mr. Theodore Martin has pleasantly recorded. If spirits are careful for their reputation in the flesh, Catullus has reason to be grateful to his biographer. He has mended several holes in the poet's character. What if Lesbia were other than a good one, her lover was terribly in earnest. What if in his earlier days he were an idler and a voluntary, was he the only or the most "fast" young man in Rome? No doubt Catullus took his share of cakes and ale, but what then? Was the "all-accomplished" Cesar a pattern for youth? Was M. Antony a water-drinker, or even the specious Cneius Pompeius a saint? "Their vices have left no record; his survive in his poems!"

And surely [Mr. Martin proceeds] we have no right to conclude from any thing he has written, that he carried the follies of his youth into his middle age, or indulged his passions so far as to cut short his career. Few writers have denounced profligates and spendthrifts more vehemently than he has done, and he would scarcely have run the risk of having his own judgments quoted against himself. We must remember, too, that if such reprobates as Furius and Aurelius were at one time among the number of his friends, in his middle age he was on terms of familiar intimacy with such men as Asinius Pollio, Calvus, Cicero, and Cornelius Nepos. Catullus, moreover, was no idler, who threw off his poems at a heat. On the contrary, they contain many allusions to the care and study with which they were elaborated. He was a fine scholar, and could not have achieved the eminence he did except at the usual cost of "scorning delights and living laborious days." He prized intelligence and culture too highly to have been a mere sensualist.

This, it may be said, is mere supposition. It is, however, a very probable one, and at least as worthy of entertainment as the contrary and more current notion that Catullus was a Sedley or Rochester. Of his fraternal affection his verses leave no doubt. We again borrow from the biographer:—

The language of his deeply pathetic lines at his brother's tomb proves that Catullus made a special voyage from Rome to the Troad, to pay the last tribute of affection to that brother's ashes. Let those who might be disposed to think of Catullus as a mere voluntary, realize to themselves the deep devotion which carried him from Rome to the desolate shores of the Troad for such a purpose. This bereavement, mourned over through many a dreary month of solitude and travel, appears to have all but broken his spirits. In his lines to Hortulus, in the letter to Manilius, and again in the poem which follows it, he speaks of his brother's death as of something which has made the paternal hearth desolate, and stripped life for himself of all its charm. The exquisite lines to Cornificius, in which we seem to hear a voice broken by sobs, were probably written during the same period of dejection. That Catullus should have written to his friends upon this theme as he has done, speaks volumes as to the sincerity and depth of their friendship. Men are bound by no common ties, when heart speaks to heart the secrets of a sorrow so sacred. Such grief as Catullus expresses would have been unwelcome from the lips of one whom the friends he addressed did not respect as well as love. What is more probable than that the grief for this event, working on his highly sensitive nature, may have tended to shorten the poet's life? Why, at least, should not this solution of the fact that he died young, be as readily admitted as the supposition that he abridged his career by sensual indulgence?

We are no admirers of what has been aptly termed the "*lues Boswelliana*"—the propensity of biographers to see nothing to blame and everything to commend in the subjects of their narrative. But these passages and others of similar kind we read with pleasure, both because we are glad to believe that those who are our intellectual benefactors can be respected as men, and because there is a depraved fashion of including all heathen writers, and heathen poets especially, in one category of censure. The plain-speaking ancients are often misunderstood. They wanted

\* *The Poems of Catullus*. Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes, by Theodore Martin. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1861.

some of the politic reserve of us moderns. "Among the ancients," says Porson, "plain-speaking was the fashion; nor was that ceremonious delicacy introduced which has taught men to abuse each other with the utmost politeness, and express the most indecent ideas in the most modest language. They were accustomed to call a spade a spade; to give everything its proper name. There is another sort of indecency which is infinitely more dangerous; which corrupts the heart without offending the ear. I believe there is no man of sound judgment who would not sooner let his son read Aristophanes than Congreve or Vanbrugh." What would Porson have written had he lived to read Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Koch?—and who, having read them, is entitled to cast a stone at Catullus?

We must now pass on to the translations themselves. Catullus, for one of the *dis minores* in poetry—*minores* in respect of the form, not of the quality of his works—is among the most diversified of writers. From the epigram to the dithyrambic poem, from the lampoon to the epithalamium, he ranged with unrestricted freedom; and his curveting and gyrations upon the *diaulos* of verse, severely tax the powers of his translator. It is one thing to translate Martial, and another to translate Lucretius—one thing to be *spatis inclusus inquis*, another to rush along the domain of poetry with the fury of a madman. He who renders into compensating English verse the works of Catullus must possess the faculty of passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," in no ordinary degree. At one moment he requires the curious felicity of the epigrammatist, at another the tender spirit of the elegiac writer, at another the sound and fury of lyric inspiration. Mr. Theodore Martin falls short of the mark in no one of these departments. He has preserved the neat and graceful turns of the *vers de sociéte*—the mournful tone of the poems which treat of death, or disappointed hope, or yearning, passionate love—as well as the calm dignity of his author's descriptive verse, and the tempestuous career of his superb dithyramb, the sole and single *Atys*. We can afford only brief samples of his manner in each of these styles; but the specimens, however marred by curtailment, will probably induce our readers to refer to his book and judge for themselves. Of all the verses of Catullus, none are better known, or have been more frequently translated or imitated, than those on "Lesbia's Sparrow." Mr. Martin thus renders the elegy on the pet's death—(*Luctus de Morte Passeris Lesbiae*.)

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,  
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!  
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,  
Sparrow, that was all her bliss,  
Than her very eyes mere dear;  
For he made her dainty cheer,  
Knew her well, as any maid  
Knows her mother, never strayed  
From her lap, but still would go  
Hopping round her to and fro,  
And to her, and her alone,  
Chirrup'd with such pretty tone.  
Now he treads that gloomy track  
Whence none ever may come back.  
Out upon you, and your power,  
Which all fairest things devour,  
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er  
Ye should take my bird so fair!  
Oh, poor bird! Oh, dismal shades!  
Yours the blame is, that my maid's  
Eyes, dear eyes! are swol'n and red,  
Weeping for her darling dead.

The following lines imply a recent lover's quarrel:—

My mistress says, there's not a man  
Of all the many swains she knows,  
She'd rather wed than me, not one,  
Though Jove himself were to propose.  
  
She says so;—but what woman says  
To him who fancies he has caught her,  
'Tis only fit it should be writ  
In air or in the running water.

Matters had mended when "Transport" was inscribed on the poet's tables:—

Oh, my soul's joy, and dost thou wish, as now,  
That evermore our love burn strong and clear?  
Ye gods, grant she be faithful to her vow,  
And that 'tis uttered from a heart sincere!  
  
So may each year that hurries o'er us find,  
While others change with life's still changing hue,  
The ties that bind us now more firmly twined,  
Our hearts as fond, our love as warm and true.

Could the verses of Catullus be ranged in any way approaching to chronological order, we might perhaps be able to confirm the translator's opinion that Catullus, as he grew older, became better. That sorrow and suffering made him sadder, and doubtless a wiser man, there is ample evidence in his works—as, for example, in the lines entitled "Remorse":—

Why longer keep thy heart upon the rack?  
Give to thy thoughts a higher, nobler aim!  
The gods smile on thy path; then look not back  
In tears upon a love that was thy shame.  
  
'Tis hard at once to fling a love away,  
That has been cherished with the faith of years.  
'Tis hard—but 'tis thy duty. Come what may,  
Crush every record of its joys, its fears.

I ask for peace of mind—a spirit clear,  
From the dark taint that now upon it rests.  
Give then, O give, ye gods, this boon so dear  
To one who ever hath revered your 'heats'!

Friendship, no less than love, "touched to fine issues" the heart of Catullus:—

Dearest of all, Veranius! Oh, my friend!  
Hast thou come back from thy long pilgrimage,  
With brothers twin in soul, thy days to spend,  
And by thy hearth-fire cheer thy mother's age?  
  
And I shall gaze into thine eyes again!  
And I again shall fold thee to my breast!  
Oh you, who deem yourselves most blest of men,  
Which of you all like unto me is blest?

He would appear to have dwelt at Rome for society's sake; in the country from choice. He thus celebrates his return from travel to his country house on the banks of the Lago di Garda:—

Sirmio, thou fairest far beneath the sky,  
Of all the isles and jutting shores, that lie  
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,  
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;  
Oh, joy of joys, to gaze on thee once more!  
I scarce believe that I have left the shore  
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,  
And gaze on thee in safety once again!  
Oh what more sweet than when, from care set free,  
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,  
With distant travel spent, come home and spread  
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed:  
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!  
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—  
And you, bright Lydian waves, your dimples trim,  
Let every smile of home be wreathed for him!

With the following samples of the pathetic and the comic vein of Catullus, we must conclude our notice of Mr. Martin's admirable version of him. To extract from the long and lofier poems would exceed our limits, and do injustice both to the poet and his translator. We would, however, point out the "Atys" and the "Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis" as fulfilling all the conditions of translation, in which not only the ideas of the original are completely transfused, but the manner most happily imitated. For abandoning the heroic couplet in rendering Ariadne's lament, Mr. Martin assigns the following satisfactory reasons:—

The ballad measure seemed to afford more scope for the sway and eddies of the passion, and to gain in force, movement, and variety, if at some sacrifice, perhaps, of epic stateliness. The noble hexameters of Catullus answer to every demand of poetic expression, from flowing description to the wildest passion; whereas the greatest masters of our English heroic verse have hardly succeeded in avoiding monotony, when great variety of emotion is required to be expressed.

Ab, Cornificius, ill at ease  
Is thy Catulus' breast;  
Each day, each hour that passes sees  
Him more and more depressed;

And yet no word of comfort, no  
Kind thought, however slight,  
Comes from thy hand—Ah! is it so,  
That thou my love requite?

One little lay to lull my fears,  
To give my spirit ease,  
Ay, though 'twere sadder than the tears  
Of sad Simonides!

Though a decided snub your nose,  
Your feet the kind called stumpy,  
Your eyes by no means black as sions,  
Your fingers fat and dumpy;

Your lip not peachy soft, your speech  
Less apt to charm than pain us;  
Yet still I hail you, mistress frail  
Of spendthrift Formianus.

The province, bless its stupid soul!  
Is mad about your beauty,  
So let me also pay my toll  
Of homage and of duty.

But then they say your shape, your grace,  
My Lesbia's, mine, surpasses!  
Oh woe, to live with such a race  
Of buzzards, owls, and asses!

In the notes the reader will find all needful illustrations of Catullus, together with samples of erotic poetry, native and foreign, which render them—what notes seldom are—pleasant as well as profitable reading.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS 1629-31.\*

WE have to thank Mr. Bruce for another volume of this important series, ushered in by a preface skilfully summing up some of the more important matters touched on in the papers now calendared. The years now gone through include the conclusion of peace with Spain, the prosecution of Sir John Eliot and other patriotic members of Parliament, that of the merchants who refused tonnage and poundage, the imprisonment of Sir Robert Cotton, and the removal from office of Chief Baron Walter. We also find what we believe is the earliest mention of a more famous man than any of them. Oliver Cromwell appears as the champion of the local rights of his own

\* Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I. 1629-31. Edited by John Bruce, Esq. London: Longman and Co. 1860.

townsmen. The constitution of the borough of Huntingdon had been altered in an oligarchical direction; the municipal rulers were to bear office for life, instead of being elected annually. Cromwell appears as a vehement opponent of the change, and the Earl of Manchester steps in as mediator. Mr. Bruce goes on to mention an event in the life of Cromwell which comes just beyond the limits of the present volume—namely, the hitherto unknown fact that he was proceeded against as a defaulter for not having appeared to receive knighthood at the coronation, nor compounded for the omission. The curious thing is, that Oliver's name does appear among the compounders in the final list sent in by the Huntingdonshire commissioners:—

Among them, at the head of the list, stands "Oliver Cromwell of Huntingdon, Esq., 1st." The name stands as I have remarked, at the head of the list, but it does so with a peculiarity. It is obvious that it did not form part of the list as it was originally framed and added up. The intention was to have returned the list without it. It was clearly added afterwards, and was apparently inserted at the top of the list because in that place there was the largest vacant space, where it could be most easily written in. Does this indicate a yielding at the last moment to the friendly persuasions of his aged uncle and godfather Sir Oliver Cromwell, who was the chief Commissioner present at both the final sittings? Or did the uncle, as has been suggested, shield the unyielding nephew by paying the amount, and directing the insertion of his name?

Mr. Bruce goes on to mention various other celebrated persons who figure prominently or incidentally in the series. Perhaps the most curious bit of history is the removal, or rather suspension, of Chief Baron Walter, for, though forbidden to discharge the duties of his office, he retained the office itself till his death. His offence seems to have been slackness in the strange duty then so commonly laid upon the judges, of enforcing, in their charges to grand juries, or otherwise as they might find occasion on their circuits, the particular measures on which the Government was bent at the time. We thus find the judges constantly made to interfere in matters, both general and local, which to our modern ideas seem most alien from the severe impartiality of their office. They figure, for instance, more than once, in those interminable disputes among the Chapter of Durham Cathedral which come up in this volume no less than in the last. Chief Baron Walter had been less zealous than the King desired on "the business of arms" in the Western Circuit. This business of arms is explained by Mr. Bruce to mean that the judges "should announce and enforce the propriety of a mediated appointment, by Royal Commission, of certain persons to survey and maintain in order the arms kept in every county for the use of its train-bands." What immediately led to the Chief Baron's suspension is best told in his own words:—

Being required by the Lord Keeper to make a categorical answer whether I will submit myself to his Majesty or stand to my trial, my humble answer is, that I trust his Majesty will hold it sufficient for me, to shew my obedience and humility, to submit myself to whatsoever his Majesty shall do concerning me. But I desire to be pardoned for making a surrender of my patent, for that were to punish myself. I do with confidence stand upon my innocency and faithful service to his Majesty, and thereof will abide any trial. Nevertheless, I humbly beseech his Majesty's gracious favour towards me, and that he will turn his heavy displeasure from me.

JO. WALTER.

The great value of these Calendars is, that while nobody can read them straight through, everybody is sure to find something about the particular matters in which he is interested. The long time that the Deanery of Exeter has been kept vacant has brought to remembrance the last appointment to the same office, when it was found, by a trial at law, that the Crown had no absolute right of appointment, and when the Dean freely elected by the Chapter triumphed over the Government nominee. Till the Act passed in consequence of that decision, by which the Old-Foundation Deaneries are placed absolutely in the gift of the Crown, the Crown only recommended a person for election. There was no law, as there is in the case of a Bishop, binding the Chapter to elect the Crown nominee; so that when Lord Melbourne made the mistake of recommending a person not statutorily eligible, the Chapter fell back upon the right of free election secured to them by the Great Charter, and carried their point against the Government. The present volume contains a good deal bearing on this point. At present we know what offices are in the gift of the Crown and what are not. This same statute about the Deanery of Exeter has taken away the last shadow of doubt. We know very well that the Prime Minister makes whom he pleases Dean of Christ Church and Master of Trinity, but that he never thinks for a moment of meddling with the appointment of any other Head in either University. We know that he appoints the deans of Wells and Exeter, but that he would not think of meddling with the appointment of the canons, unless the vacancy was caused by the promotion of the last incumbent to a bishopric. But for many ages these matters were very unsettled. We know that the Great Charter decreed that ecclesiastical elections should be free, but we know also that the election of a bishop hardly ever was free, even before Henry VIII. bound the electors by Act of Parliament to elect the royal nominee and nobody else. There was not really much more freedom of choice when Henry III. went into the chapter-house at Winchester, preached from the text, "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other," and then required the monks to choose his foreign half-brother for their bishop. In the election of bishops the King interfered as a matter of course—in elections to inferior offices he interfered whenever he thought good. In the case of bishops and of deans on the old foundation, legislative enactments of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth century have

confirmed the sort of prescriptive right which had accrued to the Crown by long practice. In the present volume we have a Royal letter (vol. cxlii. 35) nominating a candidate for the Deanery of Exeter. But it is not only to bishoprics and deaneries that we find the principle of the *congé d'éire* applied. Heads of colleges are constantly elected on a royal recommendation; fellows are so in some instances; scholars of Eton in another (vol. cxlviii. 89). The King recommends people for bishops to collate to livings in their gift (clxxii. 29). The King and other illustrious personages even condescend to busy themselves in a strange sort about the appointment to so lowly an office as a chaplaincy of All Souls. The Crown nominee seems to have been invariably elected, though he seems not to have been invariably elected without opposition. Thus on September 12th, 1630, the King writes to the Warden and Fellows of New College to elect a Mr. Stanley to be Warden of Winchester. On September 24th, we find a

Certificate from the Warden [Dr. Robert Pinck] and 22 Fellows of the College of St. Mary of Winton [New College] in Oxford, to the King, that they had obeyed his Majesty's letters, by voting for Mr. Edward Stanley for Warden of Winchester College, but that the greater part of the Fellows disented therein from them.

We must remember, then, that in the great case which had so important a bearing on the Revolution of 1688, there was nothing new in the King recommending a President to Magdalen College. "Rabbi" Smith hoped for a royal letter on his own behalf; and such a letter on his behalf, or on behalf of any other man statutorily eligible and of decent character, would probably have been obeyed without hesitation. The spirit of the College was aroused only when James recommended a man who was at once statutorily ineligible and manifestly unfit—a man of infamous character and an apostate from his religion. The mere interference with the right of free election was hardly more strange in King James towards Magdalen College, than in Lord Melbourne towards the Chapter of Exeter.

Some strange tricks seem also to have been played at this time with ecclesiastical property as well as with ecclesiastical appointments. Thus Bishop Mountague of Chichester writes to Secretary Dorchester, telling him how his predecessor had leased out everything in an unreasonable sort—how he had, in his own phrase, "begun to pick holes in the leases to void them"—how he had brought some of the tenants to more reasonable terms, but how "Mr. Bishop," who perhaps felt himself at home on an episcopal estate, still stood out. Mr. Bishop, however, is doomed, and will have to surrender. Mountague is determined never to grant leases to his wife or children, and we begin to admire this good husband of the property of his see; but lo, a sudden change—the Bishop "therefore offers the Secretary lease of Henfield [a park of 150 acres, with a fair house, formerly the Bishop's residence] for twenty-one years without fine, except he will voluntarily give what he pleases when he is in quiet possession." A little while after, the same bishop writes to Endymion Porter (a personage who seems to have been very much more awake than his Latmian namesake), telling him that he has a "lease loose in the hinges worth £120 per annum ultra the rent. Offers Porter a grant of it if he will try its validity." Need we wonder that a prelate who knew so well how to propitiate those who dwelt in king's houses, did not die Bishop of Chichester, but, in 1638, found his way to the richer see of Norwich?

Bishop Field, of St. Davids, who in the history of his see is memorable only for causing the cathedral to be whitewashed, thus writes to Endymion Porter:—

Prays him to represent to the King the causes which detain him there. They are:—Want of health and means of recovery in that desolate place, his diocese, where there is not so much as a leech to cure a sick horse; his estate left in untrustworthy hand required his presence; the ways at all times steep, craggy, and Welshly tedious, are now deep and dangerous. Hopes his Majesty will not deny him his winter suit, but be as God unto him, who desires not the death of a sinner, neither will the King the death of a most loyally faithful subject.

Deans seem not to have been behind bishops in knowing the way to the good graces of a Secretary of State. On Oct. 11th, 1630, we find a letter from—

John Hassall, Dean of Norwich, to Sec. Dorchester. The bearer is recommended to the Sec.'s favour, and the writer humbly requests that he would descend so low as to accept from him a patent of the High Stewardship of his Cathedral Church, with the yearly stipend of 40 nobles therunto belonging. If the writer shall ever be transplanted from this barren to a better soil, he shall not, like the accursed fig tree, frustrate his planter's desert of better fruit. The late King named the Earl of Northampton in their charter as the first steward; the Earl of Pembroke succeeded. If he pleases to "succenturiate," *sic ab Jove tertius Ajax*. As soon as the church-audit is passed he will present this service in person.

The present volume does not contain quite so many grotesque things as the one which went before it. For instance, there is nothing equal to the man whose ailments were of so uncertain a kind that it was not clear whether they were caused by love or by flea-bites; but there are some incongruous things here too. Who would expect to find a metrical translation of the 119th Psalm in the middle of the State Papers? (Vol. clxxxi. 112.) Or again, the *Complaint of a Worm*, a Poem in Nine Stanzas, which begins thus:—

Thou Height of Things that framest every kind,  
And makest them breathe according to thy will,  
That sense of reason cannot choose but find  
The true assurance of thy perfect skill,  
Give thou but leave unto my simple suit;—  
If Bees do speak, a Worm may not be mute.

We will wind up with an extract of another kind, showing that the Government of Charles the First was capable of what, in the Imperial style, would be called an "anachronism." Here is a warrant which in the reign of Edward the Third would have been quite in place, but which seems odd in the seventeenth century, though we do remember that the great Gustavus had a few archers in one of his campaigns:—

Warrant [suggested to be] published according to the statute 33 Henry VIII., whereby every father and governor is directed to bring up his children and all other persons of tender age under his authority in the practice of shooting, and for that purpose to see that every one be provided with a bow and arrows.

One is not surprised to find the following answer dated Jan. 30th (was the day already ominous?) 1630, from the Mayor and others of Newcastle upon Tyne to the Council.

One of his Majesty's servants, John Le Neve, has been there with a patent directing the execution of the Statute of 33 Henry VIII., for shooting with the long bow. The Statute has long slept, and is very penal; since the use of muskets, the use of bows and arrows is quite gone out; the town and country are utterly destitute of bowyers and fletchers, and bow-staves and all other necessities, and are charged with muskets, pikes, corslets, and other arms. They desire that, if this patent is to be put in execution, time may be given to provide necessities, and that the Council would send them bowyers and fletchers from London, and take course to provide them with bow-staves.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that in Sir John Hayward's *Norman Kings*, there is a very curious discussion of the respective merits of the musket and the bow. Two of the merits of the bow are the longer time which it takes to fire off a musket—which doubtless was true of the clumsy early harquebuses—and the inconvenience caused to the enemy by the arrows sticking in their horses, while a gunshot wound, if it touches no vital part, does not hinder action in the same way.

#### THE REPUBLIC OF FOOLS.\*

To make an allegory run upon all four legs is a task of proverbial difficulty; though it can easily be brought to halt or hobble upon two or three. There are so many points of likeness, and so many of unlikeness, between almost any two things in the world, that a parallel of a certain plausibility can generally be drawn, provided always that it be not carried too far. Even the most moderate intellect will enable a person to undergo the dull torment known as the game of "What's my thought like?" with a decent success which is at once curious and edifying to bystanders. The acquiescence of Polonius in Hamlet's successive suggestions of different likenesses in the cloud was probably justified by a little, and a very little, touch of truth. The camel, the weasel, and the whale were all alike honestly to be discovered by an eye that was painfully looking for them in the cloud-wreath in question. In the same way, a slight exercise of ingenuity, or a strong exercise of faith, can convert the signs of the Zodiac with equal facility into a type of the repeal of the Corn-laws, the disruption of the United States, or the battle of Armageddon. But it must be done shortly and sharply, or the audience will see through the trick, and find out where the parallel does not hold water. It is true that some of the most favourite allegories ever written are open to the imputation of inconsistency; but it will be found that their popularity is maintained more by the brilliancy of genius displayed in separate incidents of the fable, than by the interest of following out the logical clue which governs the parable. Spenser's *Faery Queen* has many readers for its scattered pictures of imagination, but few for the long involutions of its moral. The *Pilgrim's Progress* has not won immortality by the coherency of its proofs, but by the picturesqueness of its scenery and the deep tones of its religious feeling. An allegory, serious or comical, must have some very positive qualities of its own, or it will rarely secure permanent favour only on the ground of being a reasonably true and close allegory. Where the whole framework of the parable is professedly humorous or ironical, still greater force and pithiness in the choice and construction of details is required to keep away the tedium which the reaction of a joke carried on too long is apt to create. Though the cachinnatory muscles of the diaphragm may perhaps be excited to continued motion by a simple series of pantomimic absurdities on the stage, the mental laughter of the readers of an elaborate ludicrous fiction tends to become fainter and fainter with every successive page, unless the humour rises with, or away from, the subject to some climax of unforeseen intensity.

The translator of Wieland's *Republic of Fools* is as fond of his foundling as all translators ought to be. He claims for it the proud pre-eminence of dividing the throne of modern "philosophical romance" or "prose satire" with the travels of Gulliver. The two works have undoubtedly enough in common to render it just possible to measure the one by the other. They are both framed upon the same design of ridiculing actual human folly in the history of fictitious and impossible human folly. As with the rivers of Macedon and Monmouth, there is salmon in both. They are alike instances of political satire used as a vehicle for humorous irony. But here the likeness stops. The satire of Swift is eminently practical and definite; that of Wieland is as distinctly general and theoretical. The adventures of Captain Lemuel Gulliver are drawn with a gigantesque imagination which

forces the attention of the reader into constant and unwearied activity. Their interest lies in the sublimity of their impossibility. Nothing can surpass the subtlety with which they are wrought into shape. Yet it is not so much that subtlety, as the original boldness of conception which has given them life. They are the most unique examples of the power of fancy in portraying an intelligent human being under such exceptional and impossible relations as almost deprive him of humanity, and turn him into a monstrosity of nature. Gulliver among the Houyhynms, who look upon him as a singular intellectual Yahoo—a man-mountain among the Lilliputians, and a Lilliputian among the giant inhabitants of Brobdignag—is objectively as startling and inscrutable a phenomenon as Frankenstein or the Wandering Jew among common men. And the scenery with which he is surrounded is equally striking and effective. There is a magical novelty given to the pictures of an everyday world by the variety of looking at them through a diminishing or magnifying glass of enormous power. Wieland's romance has neither the broad picturesqueness nor the swift flashes of the genius of absurdity which mark the adventures of Gulliver. His humour is cultivated, subtle, original, and dry. The normal state of his imaginary Republic is simply the essence of paradox. The circumstances and consequences of such a condition are wrought out with a painstaking and logical accuracy of description which probably could only be attained by a German. Voltaire could no more have concocted the history of the Abderites than Wieland could have imagined the brilliant adventures of *Candide*. In evolving his romance, Wieland never for a moment forgets that he is, above all, a philosopher. The careful clearness with which the moral is pointed detracts from that appearance of spontaneity which is among the most necessary virtues of a fable. The general result to the reader is, that the follies of Abdera are more curious than amusing. It is possible, for all we know, that they may have killed all German readers with laughing for the last fifty years; but we speak of the English reader of Mr. Christmas's translation. The old saying, that "a very small man with the Tories is a very great man with the Whigs" has long been travestied into a formula at least as true, that a very small joke with the English is a very great joke with the Scotch. In the present instance, Wieland's German admirers may perhaps explain satisfactorily to themselves the fact of his imperfect appreciation in England, by reasoning analogous to that of the gravedigger in *Hamlet*. It is just possible that we are not able critically to understand the full beauty of the picture of national Abderitan folly, because we are as mad ourselves as if we had all been born in Abdera.

The Abderites, according to their modern historian, were not deficient in ideas, but their ideas seldom suited the occasion. They spoke much, but rarely without giving utterance to something foolish. They shut the door of the stable when the horse was stolen. They seldom thought before acting; but if they did think seriously, it was a matter of certainty that they would come to a more absurd decision than if they had not thought at all. They were great connoisseurs in the fine arts, but upon principles best known to themselves. They would spend the public money liberally for a great national monument, and select, by competition or otherwise, the most eminent artist to execute the scheme. But when the work was done, it would either be found entirely inappropriate in itself or it would be treated so as to make it so. If the erection of a fountain in the market-place were voted necessary as a public convenience, a magnificent group of Tritons and Naiads, dolphins and sea-horses was ordered from the most highly reputed sculptor of the day. When they were set up, it was discovered that no sufficient supply of water could be procured, and the useless composition was removed into the Temple of Neptune. After purchasing a small but exquisite statue of Venus, by Praxiteles, the Abderites built a column eighty feet high by way of pedestal, that the most beautiful object in the city might be the first thing to strike the eye of the entering stranger. An old myth taught them that the frogs, round the temple of their patron goddess, Latona, were originally peasants, punished by this metamorphosis for jeering at her when in difficulties. From a reflected reverence for the goddess herself, they viewed the frogs as too sacred to be meddled with, and at last evacuated their city sooner than take measures to diminish the overgrown plague of reptiles. Their chief magistrate, or nomophylax, was from beyond legal memory, by virtue of his office, the leader of their sacred choruses. Discovering that sometimes the person elected to this dignity was an indifferent musician, they voted in solemn conclave that in future the best singer of Abdera should be chosen for nomophylax, and religiously observed the rule while Abdera existed. In fact, their whole scheme of life and thought was built upon a kind of inverted logical pyramid. The only reason why the Abderites were more foolish than their neighbours was that they took hold of every subject by the wrong end. An English critic would be content with saying that they were fools because they were fools. But in tracing out and developing the laws of such folly with the most patient and *gründlich* accuracy there is probably great interest for the German reader.

Such story as is to be found in these volumes turns mainly upon the relations of the laughing philosopher Democritus to his fellow-citizens of Abdera. He is brought forward as a scientific traveller and naturalist, returned to his native city after many years of absence—an acute, self-contained, ironical, quiet, ob-

\* *The Republic of Fools*. Being the History of the State and People of Abdera, in Thrace. Translated from the German of C. M. von Wieland, by Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Allen. 1861.

servant cosmopolite, conscious of the general mental tendencies of the Abderites, but at first hardly awake to the full extent of their absurdities. The Abderites are most ready to welcome Democritus as a lion, and to respect him as a talented townsmen, till they discover how very unlike he is to themselves. The disappointment they before long feel at his unwillingness to corroborate or invent travellers' tales of sufficiently miraculous texture for the boundless appetite of Abderite imagination grows into contempt for a wanderer who has made such small use of his opportunities, and devoted himself to a puerile investigation of ordinary nature, in lieu of collecting incredible stories. Their inability to comprehend his character and his humour culminates in a general conviction that much learning has made him mad. Hippocrates, as the most famous consulting physician of the day, is sent for to watch Democritus, and report upon his morbid symptoms, with a view to instituting proceedings in lunacy. But the foreign physician proclaims the perfect sanity of Democritus, and, in revenge for so futile an errand, recommends a strong dose of hellebore (the ancient recipe for insanity) to the senate and municipal authorities all round. To prevent the increase of any such mental heresy as that of Democritus among themselves, the Abderites pass a law prescribing the conditions under which their youth are in future to travel abroad. They are to be in charge of venerable bear-leaders, wedded to the conservative doctrines and habits of Abderite character; to stay so many days only in each foreign town; to converse only with a particular class of the inhabitants; and, generally, to avoid learning whatever might disqualify them from returning home as thorough Abderites as when they set out on their grand tour. The risk of any introduction of cosmopolitan experience being so provided against, Democritus is left at large as an inexplicable and contradictory but harmless phenomenon of idiosyncrasy.

Perhaps one of the most pointed and epigrammatic scenes in the book is a philosophical discussion of the laws of the universe in an Abderite *soirée*. There is genuine humour shown in the reproduction of the old theories of physics tinged with a peculiar hue of dogmatic Abderitan folly. And the judicious criticism of the Abderitan crowd upon the pleasures of philosophizing might perhaps be repeated with some sincerity by many who attend regularly the lectures at the Royal Institution. "What a pretty thing is philosophy! The only fault to be found with it is the difficulty of making a choice among so many theories."

When the vein of Democritus has been worked out, a fresh phase of the history is opened by an adaptation of the ancient fable of the quarrel about the shadow of an ass. This is elaborated at the fullest length, and with the placid ease of a humour that loves to return upon itself. It would probably be difficult to exaggerate the grim satisfaction of the German satirist, when first the idea of expanding the old classical proverb into half a volume of luminous and appropriate illustration of the folly of his imaginary Republic dawned upon his mind. The original triviality and absurdity of the dispute whether the person who hired the ass to ride to a neighbouring town had a right to sit in its shadow by the way—the silliness of turning back to Abdera to settle the question before the magistrate at the sacrifice of the whole trouble and object of the journey—the various stages of the lawsuit through successive arbitrations and appeals, until the whole city is divided into envenomed factions of asses and shadows—are all sketched and filled out with great force of imaginative humour. It is really very gracious fooling; but in the middle of the most goodly piece of such work it is difficult to repress the exclamation or the feeling "would it were done!" It is a great error to expand a joke to the  $n^{\text{th}}$ , and to draw out into a five-act comedy the materials of an ordinary charade. Mr. Christmas has every right to labour with loving reverence in translating and publishing the *Republic of Fools*. But the sentence of the whole work with which we sympathize most undeservedly, when all is said, is the following:—"Heaven forbid that anybody should give himself the trouble to read the History of the Abderites if he has anything more necessary to do or anything better to read."

#### WRIGHT'S ESSAYS ON ARCHAEOLOGY.\*

THERE are not many series of fugitive pieces which so well bear reprinting in a separate collection as Mr. Wright's *Archaeological Essays*. The author, who is a well-known antiquary, and the author of the *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, published by the Royal Society of Literature, has done well, we think, in putting before the public, in a collected form, the essays which he has contributed, during many years, to various archaeological and literary journals. These papers, being for the most part homogeneous, admitted of easy arrangement in their present form. Perhaps, had they been wholly rewritten, their matter would have been made still more useful, if not for general readers, yet for real students of our national antiquities. We desiderate an index of the many subjects which are discussed, more or less fully, in these Essays; and we notice some repetitions which might have been avoided had the author re-worked up his materials into a more formal treatise. However, there is something to be said on the other side of the

question; and undoubtedly there is more freshness and vividness in the short papers as they stand in their original occasional form. The writer's agreeable style makes these volumes very readable, as well as instructive; and we can recommend these Essays, in spite of the dryness of some of their subjects, as well to the desultory reader as to the archaeological inquirer. The work is appropriately dedicated to Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, who has done more, perhaps, than any living man for the preservation and illustration of the antiquities of these islands. The general distribution of the papers is such that the first volume deals with the Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon periods of our national history, while the second one contains essays of more general character, bearing on the antiquities of the later medieval period.

In part of the earlier volume Mr. Wright seems to have a general object in view besides the particular matters which are discussed in his papers. He seeks to demonstrate the error of the archaeological pedants, English and Continental, who, by a too extensive generalization, have divided the primeval antiquities of Europe into what they call the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Periods. Mr. Worsaae did this for the primitive archaeology of his native Denmark, and he has been followed, among others, by Dr. Wilson, in his *Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*. Mr. Wright argues, and in some instances proves, that it is a mistake to suppose that the primitive epochs were so exactly defined as this classification implies, or that there was no time when stone and metal implements were in simultaneous use. There were doubtless transitional periods, and it is impossible to assign a given object of antiquity to a particular age solely on account of its material. At the same time, as a general classification and as a most useful method *pour fixer les idées*, we are prepared to side with Mr. Worsaae rather than with his present critic, and to support his system of primeval chronology. Mr. Wright, indeed, can scarcely be said to make a formal attack upon the Danish antiquary; nor does he propose a counter-theory. He is satisfied with carpings at the now generally accepted nomenclature of the Pre-historic Periods, and with a caustic criticism upon Dr. Wilson's really valuable book. Professed antiquaries are quite as bad as theologians in matters of controversy; and we find Mr. Wright protesting against a blunder of Dr. Wilson about the *umbo* of an Anglo-Saxon shield, as being "perfectly inexcusable for any one who pretends to the character of an archaeologist."

We have less reliance on the present author in the more general questions of archaeology than in details. He is a careful observer, and an accurate describer; and we trust him more in matters, like the explorations of tumuli, which have fallen under his own observation, than in the broader fields of ethnology and philology. In the former of these sciences, he has committed himself to a theory which has roused the anger of Welshmen in general, and Mr. W. B. Jones in particular. Mr. Wright supposes that the present population of the principality is not, as has always been thought, the posterity of the Celtic Britons driven into the Welsh fastnesses by the Saxon invaders, but rather a colony from Britany or Armorica, which settled there after the breaking up of the Roman power and the final departure of the legions from our island. One of the essays now before us is a reply—scarcely a satisfactory one—to Mr. Jones' argument in favour of the received opinion which appeared in the *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1858. At the same time, it is well that such theories should be started and discussed; and Mr. Wright certainly produces evidence which deserves consideration that Wales was much more thoroughly "Romanized" than is commonly supposed; so that it is difficult to understand how, at the close of the Roman occupation, any Celtic population "likely to have migrated into Britany, and to have transplanted their language thither"—which is the opposite hypothesis—could have been found there.

The three earliest essays in the present collection relate to some curious remains of a primitive people who are supposed to have inhabited the south-east corner of Yorkshire which is now called the Holderness. Mr. Wright theorizes that this district, from its physical character, "remained in primitive simplicity long after the other parts of the island had made great advances in civilization." It was occupied, indeed, by the Romans, but it contained no considerable Roman station. Ida, the leader of the Northumbrian Angles, landed at Flamborough; but during the whole of the earlier Saxon period the district retained its secluded character. The solitude was so great that the little river of Hull was full of beavers, and Beverley ("Befor-leag," "the lea, or field, of beavers") was a desert at the close of the seventh century. This tract of country, which shows few traces of Roman or Saxon settlements, is rich in the flint implements of an earlier race. Spear-heads, fish-hooks, axes, &c., in chipped flint, are constantly being discovered. In some places near Bridlington, the chippings of flint, or the rough or spoilt implements that are found, point to the workshops, so to say, of this primitive people. Mr. Wright's summing up with respect to this tribe is as follows:—

We have as yet no facts to enable us to say whether they were a fragment of an early Celtic population remaining in primitive ignorance, while their brethren in the interior advanced towards refinement, or whether they were some rude fisher tribe whom the accidents of the sea had brought from Scandinavia, or from the opposite shores of the Continent of Europe, to settle on this distant coast.

\* *Essays on Archaeological Subjects, and on Various Questions connected with the History of Art, Science, and Literature in the Middle Ages*. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France. Two Vols. London: J. B. Smith. 1861.

In Dr. Von Spruner's *Historical Atlas*, the people whom Mr. Wright describes are mentioned as the *Parisi*, under the Roman rule; and, in the following period, the district (now called the Holderness) bears the name Derawudu.

In pursuing this subject Mr. Wright advances a very favourite ethnological theory of his, which is that our island, before the arrival of the Romans, was peopled on the eastern and southern coasts by settlers of Teutonic origin. A separate essay, on the ethnology of South Britain at the period of the extinction of the Roman Government in the island, carries on the discussion. Our author is of opinion that the indigenous Celtic population was treated during four centuries of Roman domination after the temporarily milder government of Agricola, with oppressive severity, and that it dwindled down to the mere servile class that was attached to the soil. The mode of life and the comparative civilization of these tribes may be best imagined, he says, by comparing them with what we know of those of the wild Irish and Celtic Highlanders of Scotland in the Middle Ages. He supposes that they lived in septs or clans, with no towns and no political union, except in times of war. The Roman polity, on the contrary, consisted in the foundation of a number of towns or cities, each with its independent municipal government, but united by a common fiscal system. It is difficult to know how to describe ethnologically the inhabitants of these towns, in this country, during the Roman occupation. To call them Romans would be politically correct, but incorrect ethnologically; while to call them Britons would be true in no sense, except a geographical one. "The population of Britain during the second, third, and fourth centuries of the Christian era was neither Roman nor British, but an extraordinary mixture of all the different races who had been reduced by the arms of Rome." The authorities for this statement are that important record, the *Notitia Imperii*, and the curious evidence afforded by the innumerable inscriptions which have been found in the sites of Roman towns or military stations. Mr. Wright gives a very interesting account of the withdrawal of the legionaries, the temporary independence of the great towns, and their gradual reduction by the Saxon invaders. The following passage may well be quoted:—

Antiquarian discovery is continually confirming what many circumstances would lead us to believe, that, while the whole land without was distributed among the Anglo-Saxon conquerors, the original Roman population of which I have been speaking, formed at first from various races, but afterwards recruited chiefly from Germany and Gaul, remained in the towns, co-existent with the new Anglo-Saxon lords of the soil, and still retaining their municipal forms and institutions and their Roman manners, until they became gradually more and more assimilated to those of the Saxons—a change which would be facilitated by the prevalence of Teutonic blood in the towns themselves. The natural antagonism which must have remained between the townsmen and the conquerors continued to exist through the Middle Ages, and has even reached our own times in a certain sort of rivalry between town and country. I need only add, that to this preservation of the towns we owe our municipal corporations of the Middle Ages.

The essays which treat of Anglo-Saxon antiquities are even more interesting than those which deal with the earlier period. Mr. Wright gives a very satisfactory account of the gradual growth of our archaeological knowledge with respect to the Anglo-Saxon age of our history. It is almost wholly due to the progress of discovery in the tumuli of the cemeteries of this people that we have attained so intimate an acquaintance with the mode of life and comparative civilization of our Saxon forefathers. The Rev. Bryan Faussett, a Kentish clergyman, in the middle of the last century, laid the foundation of our present science by his researches in the numerous barrows which remained in the chalk downs about Canterbury. The famous Faussett Collection—which, to the disgrace of our Government, does not belong to the British Museum, and which, but for the liberality of Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, would have passed out of the country, or have been scattered by the auctioneer—was formed out of the riflings of hundreds of tumuli. But Faussett's own theoretic archaeology was most defective. It is only within the last quarter of a century that our antiquaries have learned to appreciate the real value and comparative age of these priceless remains. A succession of explorers, not the least distinguished of whom was the late lamented Lord Braybrooke, have thrown a flood of light on this most interesting period of our national antiquities. Mr. Wright's essay on the Faussett Collection is illustrated by an appendix on the ethnology of the Anglo-Saxons, and by a map of Saxon England previous to A.D. 600. On the latter are marked the Saxon towns, and cemeteries—of the Pagan period—that have been explored and described. The Jute cemeteries of Kent are perhaps the most numerous; and next to them the graves of the Mercians, in groups near Leicester, Warwick, and Bawell in the High Peak. Of the South Saxons, and Middle Saxons, no graves seem as yet to have been discovered; and there are comparatively few in the districts inhabited by the East and Middle Angles. It is clear, we think, that much remains to be discovered in this branch of antiquities.

Among the other essays may be noticed one on Anglo-Saxon Architecture, illustrated from illuminations. Architecture, however, is not the strong point of our author. We may mention that in Deerhurst church, Gloucestershire, which is noticed here as an undoubted Saxon building, some interesting discoveries have lately been made in the course of some alterations of the fabric. In later papers we observe a sketchy notice of the confraternities of medieval bridge-builders and of the *Cagots* of France. We cannot do more than enumerate some of the

more interesting essays in the second volume. Besides merely antiquarian notices of the ancient map of the world at Hereford, the mediæval abacus, and the antiquity of dates in Arabic numerals in England, and the like, Mr. Wright gives longer and more elaborate papers, full of curious matter, on the rhyming poetry of the Middle Ages, the drama, the literature of the Troubadours, the comic mediæval literature, and the satirical literature of the Reformation. In conclusion, we can safely recommend this interesting collection of essays to those who merely seek amusement as well as to historical students. We rise from their perusal with fresh satisfaction that so many labourers are working zealously in the inexhaustible field of our national archaeology.

#### THE HONEY-BEE.\*

EVERY practical bee-keeper will derive much pleasure from both the little volumes before us. Mr. Samuelson's is the second part of a series on the history and habits of "Humble Creatures"—the Fly and the Earth Worm (forming together Part I.), having gone before it. We all know and value the "little busy bee," as the industrious creature which "gathers honey all the day" for its own consumption when the "opening flowers" are to be found no longer, and whose stores are laid under such large contributions to increase the enjoyment of our breakfast-tables. Most of us, again, have, some time or other, admired the skill of the bee as a self-taught architect, led by an unerring instinct to construct its cells in the figure most economical of space which mathematics could devise, namely, the perfect hexagon. But probably there are many bee-keepers who have paid but little attention to the wonderful organization of the little creature with which they are so familiar, or to the perfect adaptation of its several parts to their respective purposes. And we suspect that many who are fully alive to the merits of the bee as a producer of honey do not fully realize another even more important way in which the bee is one of our direct benefactors. It is the bee and its congeners who, by carrying the fructifying farina from flower to flower, convert flowers into fruit; and without them, in truth, our gardens would remain comparatively unproductive.

Mr. Samuelson has, in his text and illustrations, thoroughly elucidated the whole structure of the bee. The two points most worthy of notice are perhaps the eye and the sting. Every one familiar with bees must have been struck with their wonderful powers of sight, the sudden swiftness with which they sometimes dart upon an intruder, and the persevering manner in which they often chase him to a considerable distance. No one will be surprised at this who knows what a wonderful organ of sight the bee's eye really is:—

The object in nature that occurs to us as most nearly approximating the eye of the worker-Bee in shape and appearance, is one of the leaves of chaff that surround a grain of wheat. It is of an elongated form—not oval, but pointed at one end; and the similarity between the two objects goes still farther, for both have a bright external appearance. But here the resemblance ends; and what a contrast is revealed by an examination of the two objects under the microscope!

The piece of chaff presents a uniform glazed surface, whilst in the eye of the Bee, which is much darker in colour, the brightness referred to arises from its peculiar structure; in fact, it is owing to the presence of about 3500 small but perfect hexagonal lenses fitting closely together, and disposed in regular rows over the whole circumference.

In order to afford some idea of the general character and operation of one of these compound eyes, we shall compare it to a bundle of telescopes (350, remember!), so grouped together that the large terminal lenses present an extensive convex surface, whilst, in consequence of the decreasing diameter of the instruments, their narrow ends meet and form a smaller concentric curve. Now, if you can imagine it possible to look through all these telescopes at one glance, obtaining a similar effect to that of the stereoscope, you will be able to form some conception of what is probably the operation of vision in the Bee. This comparison, however, presents but a crude and imperfect idea of the organ in question, and we shall now accurately describe one of these "telescopes," as we have popularly termed them.

The effect of this arrangement is that if there should be any aberration or divergence of the rays of light during their passage through one portion of the lens, it is rectified in its transit through the other. Now it is nothing new to find in the eye of an animal lenses of different densities; but we do not recollect ever having heard of any other instance where one compound lens has been found consisting of two adherent ones of this description. How remarkable, then, that we should discover such a phenomenon in so humble an animal as the Bee! Aye, reader; and how remarkable, too, that we should find such a contrivance adopted by man in the construction of what he at present considers the most perfect microscopic lens!

With untiring patience and perseverance his mind was directed to the attainment of this end—namely, to correct the aberration of light, which caused his lenses to colour and distort the objects under investigation, until he found that, by employing compound lenses of varying densities, this evil effect was counteracted; and now we see that the Creator had, probably before man was brought into existence, constructed the eye of the Bee on the same principle.

The sting of the bee is a weapon only too well known. There are few of us, probably, who have not, some time or other, felt the effect of a sting from a bee or wasp. The bee is not generally so easily excited to sting as the wasp, unless it is much provoked, or has a decided prejudice against some particular person, which is occasionally the case; but when

\* *The Honey-Bee; its Natural History, Habits, Anatomy, and Microscopical Beauties.* By James Samuelson, assisted by J. Braxton Hicks, M.D. London: Van Voorst.  
*My Bee-Book.* By William Charles Cotton, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

it does sting, it is usually with the sacrifice of its own life, as it generally leaves its weapon in the wound, with the little sac of poison attached to it. We need not wonder that it is difficult to be withdrawn when we read the account of the shape of the sting of the bee. The sting of the bee is not, as it might appear to the naked eye, a mere lance, or bayonet. It is, in truth, something much more formidable, rather resembling those frightful engines of destruction which the common consent of civilized nations has excluded from the practice of modern warfare:—

The little instrument known as the sting is found, when magnified, to be the sheath in which the true sting lies concealed, although the whole enters the wound when an attack is made. The piercing apparatus itself is, however, double, being composed of two long darts, which, in the illustration, are removed from the sheath and separated in order to exhibit their shape; but in their natural position are placed side by side, so as to form a lance; and being furnished with suitable muscles, they are forcibly protruded from the sheath when required for the purposes of attack or defence. But our investigation must not stop here; for if we employ a tolerably high microscopic power to examine the points of these darts, we shall find them to be barbed, each piercer being furnished on one side with eight teeth; and as they are so placed when in use that the smooth edges are in juxtaposition, you will perceive that they then constitute a single formidable barbed spear, similar to one of those primitive weapons of warfare employed by the savage inhabitants of various countries, that you will no doubt often have met with in museums or collections of ethnological curiosities.

You will now perceive what a formidable weapon the sting must be when directed by the Bee against an insect of its own size; and, after examining its barbed points, you will easily understand, too, how it happens that, when the little belligerent manages to penetrate your own skin, it should be compelled to leave its sting behind.

The above extracts show, in some degree, tendencies which come out more strongly in other parts of Mr. Samuelson's book, and which we cannot but look upon as considerable defects. One is an inveterate love of preaching. We really know no greater mistake than the habit which some writers on natural history and kindred subjects have, of perpetually going out of their way to bring in some common-place moral or religious reflection. We cannot say that our piety is at all heightened by hearing stereotyped phrases about an All-wise Creator, and the like, dragged in upon every occasion. Mr. Samuelson, also, like too many of his brethren, is addicted at once to a sort of affected familiarity, or even jocularity, strangely mixed up with a love of long Latinized words, which will make his book simply unintelligible to the great mass of those whose life is cast among bee-hives. A real technicality is another thing; technical words cannot be avoided; nothing is wanted but to define them clearly at first, and to use them ever after rigidly in their technical meaning. But Mr. Samuelson revels in all the out-of-the-way un-English sounding words that he can lay hold of. What, for instance, can be the use of talking about the *educability* of bees—an expression which he repeats more than once? All this is in utter contrast to the simple and straightforward way of writing of the elder naturalists—the ever-charming and ever-fresh *Natural History of Selborne*, for instance. We cannot help contrasting it also with the way of dealing with this very same subject in Mr. Cotton's *My Bee-Book*. Mr. Cotton runs, perhaps, into the other extreme of simplicity. His way of writing is almost grotesquely quaint, but then it is clearly quite natural to him. Every word may be understood by everybody who can read English; and we get to like the writer for the sake of his very eccentricity. Mr. Cotton enters far more into the practical side of bee-keeping than Mr. Samuelson, and somewhat less into the scientific examination of the bee itself, though that branch of the subject is by no means neglected by him. He writes mainly for the common bee-keeper—that is, generally, the poor cottager, who simply looks at his hives as a source whence he may make a few shillings by the quantity of honey that he may get from the stocks which he destroys in the autumn. The past year has been most fearfully fatal to our little friends—not, however, from the frost and snow, which is much better for their health, by keeping them in a completely torpid state, than mild, damp weather, which continually tempts them abroad when the sun shines, but when there are no flowers in bloom to give them any nutriment. The very wet summer of last year prevented the poor bees from laying up any good store of honey. The consequence has been a general famine, except in a few solitary instances where the stock was unusually strong, and where artificial feeding was resorted to early in the autumn. Mr. Cotton's hints to cottagers are very valuable, if they would only attend to them; but we know by experience that they are difficult to be persuaded to turn out of the old path which their forefathers trod, and try the system of taking a store of honey from cups or small hives placed on the top of the parent stock, instead of making annual slaughter of their industrious little neighbours. Mr. Cotton stands up manfully for saving the lives of the bees. His denunciation of bee-murder may form a good specimen of his deliciously quaint style. It will be seen that he preaches a little also, but it is quite another style of preaching, and one infinitely more edifying to our taste than that of Mr. Samuelson. Mr. Cotton gives the bee-keeper this advice:—

Never kill your bees. Many of you will say our father and grandfather did so, and why should not we? (Now, it is a very good rule to do as your fathers did, when you are not quite sure you can do better and straighter too.) "We think it far the best way to burn the lightest and the heaviest. The first would not live through the winter; we may get something from them, and plenty from the heaviest." This is very well for those who know no better, but I am sure you are all willing to try a better way if you

hear of one, as every one of you must feel some sorrow when you *murder* by thousands in the autumn those who have worked hard for you all the summer, and are ready to do so again next year. I myself was told by a bee-master that he always saw the ghosts of the bees the night after he burned them, and have heard of an old woman who never went to church the Sunday following. She felt she had done a most cruel deed, and she was right in so thinking, though wrong in staying away from church for this reason.

Mr. Samuelson concludes his book with two chapters on instinct generally, going minutely and philosophically into the whole of that very curious subject. Without a thorough examination of the whole theory of instinct, a treatise on the honey-bee would, he tells us, be imperfect. We really do not see why, unless Mr. Samuelson means to add it to the history of every "humble creature" of which he may write. The treatise, as a treatise on instinct, is curious and interesting, but it strikes us as far too abstruse in its language for the class for whom we suppose it is intended. At least, unless the prevailing love of hard words reaches further than we had fancied, it does not at all answer our notion of "*Popular Scientific Zoology*."

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is very seldom that one book exhausts the materials of a laborious author. M. Rodenberg has still some fragments remaining over from his *Island of Saints*, and his success with that work has encouraged him to give them to the world under the title of the *Harp of Erin*.\* This last production gathers together all the fragments of Irish legendary lore he has picked up either in reading or travelling. The first part of it consists of a general treatise on the superstitions of Ireland, interwoven with all manner of short ghost stories. The second consists of a dozen fairy tales, principally translated from the *London and Dublin Magazine*; and the third, of a number of translations of popular Irish songs. The first part will, no doubt, be the most attractive to the English reader; for the rest is only our own literature in the unattractive disguise of a foreign language. It is, like everything else of M. Rodenberg's, written in a sparkling, pleasant style, which is more French than German. This borrowed nationality extends a little beyond the style. We fear that in his journeys through legendary Kerry he allowed the romance and the gallantry of his French models to stifle the spirit of sceptical criticism which, as a German, he was bound to have cherished. In the presence of that lovely scenery he cast aside the prosaic suspiciousness which would have been instinctively suggested by his own arid German plains. His own account of his *modus operandi* in collecting legendary lore is that he fell in with a lovely female, of the name of "Bright," also known in her own country as the "Myrtle of Killarney," and that, by long conversations, he succeeded in extracting her vast traditional learning. She used "to sit dreamily at her spinning-wheel, before her wretched cottage near the mountain, and near the lake, and I used to sit by her on a wooden stool, while she would tell me the legends of her native land, and sing me its sweet melodies." From these delightful but dangerous *séances* our author appears to have collected very nearly all he knows concerning the mythological beliefs of Ireland, except what he has gathered out of books. At least, the fair spinster is one of the very few oral authorities to which he refers, and her name is of more constant occurrence than any other. To judge by the amount that he owes to her, the interviews must have been protracted; and it is difficult sometimes to resist the conclusion that the lovely Bright occasionally beguiled their length with the amusement of practising on the credulity of the stranger. If this be so, there is nothing wonderful in the occasional perplexities by which his scientific efforts to assign every fable to its proper pedigree are impeded. He begins, according to the common form, with stern resolution to refer the legends of Ireland to the "common legendary store of all the Indo-European races—in the valleys of Hindostan." But, as he gets on, he admits that they have a very "tendentious" character, and are animated by a hatred of bailiffs and red coats which can scarcely have originated on the slopes of the Hindoo Koosh. The national feelings have infected even the character of the fairies. In other lands they are at worst tricky, but, on the whole, helpful and benevolent. But in Ireland they have imbibed the gall of which the whole nation has been made to drink, and they are destructive, vengeful, and lovers of contention. In Wales, Puck is a merry fellow, at worst taking his joke out of a miserable mortal; but his Irish analogue, Phuka, is the dread of the traveller, whom he seizes and drags through thorns and mud, and leaves him with the threat of killing him the next time. All this the author looks on as but a natural result of the oppression under which the Irish have suffered. But, as he goes on, he is compelled to admit a still less exalted pedigree for these tales of wonder. It is a curious fact, which even the most favourable critic cannot ignore, that nearly all these stories begin with the incident that the narrator of them had had a good deal to drink, and fell asleep in crossing over a bog. No doubt this portion of the tradition is of a strictly historical character. It is followed, however, by marvellous visions of very various kinds, sometimes pleasant, but generally bearing a terrible analogy to a nightmare. But they always end

\* *Die Harfe von Erin. Märchen und Dichtung in Irland.* Von Julius Rodenberg. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Thumm. 1861.

with some catastrophe which produces insensibility; and that is invariably followed by a headachy waking on the same bleak Irish bog. This, as M. Rodenberg expresses it, is the genesis of an Irish legend. In dealing with legends of this kind, it hardly seems worth while to go back to the valleys of Hindostan. As he expresses it, with great simplicity and truth, "Whisky plays its part in the folks-poetry of Ireland." With still greater simplicity, M. Renan, in his work on the poetry of the Celtic nations, quoted here, denies earnestly that there is anything approaching to sensuality in the Irish attachment to that valued spirit. "No! they seek in whisky what St. Brendan attained after his fashion—the vision of the invisible world." The prose of this book, we are bound to add, is a good deal more agreeable than the poetry. The mellifluous verses of Irish poets have a very rugged and uncouth sound when done into German. But, on the whole, it is a pleasant and very readable book; and we cannot wish either that the conversations with "Bright" had been shorter, or that M. Rodenberg's critical acumen had been less easily laid asleep by the charms of female narrative.

M. Wolfgang Müller, of Königswinter, whom his publisher decorates with the title of "the well-known Rhenish poet," has published a volume of recollections of the Dusseldorf painter Rethel.\* It consists of a brief sketch of his life, interspersed with a few letters and journals, and with abundance of critiques on his very numerous productions. Rethel's principal distinction lay in his marvellous precocity. His frescoes at Aix-la-Chapelle have excited some attention, and he was extensively employed as an illustrator of books. But the only wonderful thing about him was the early age at which he commenced. He has left pictures which are thought worth preserving, and which he painted at fifteen; and he produced at least three compositions which excited attention before he was twenty. This early development produced its ordinary results. His paintings followed in frightfully rapid succession, and his nerves began to wear out before he had passed thirty. He was early seized with an irritability which made his existence burdensome to himself and intolerable to his friends. The chance observations of passers-by on his frescoes at Aix would produce a fearful impression on him, and throw him into a profound melancholy. He saw an evidence of slight in everything that was done or omitted by either acquaintance or stranger. If people came to see him, it was disturbing him in his work; if they did not, it was because they had forgotten an old friend. This morbid state of mind developed itself more and more, till an illness of his wife exhausted his sinking powers. He was seized with a softening of the brain before he was forty, and, after a few years' confinement, died at Dusseldorf. The reminiscences of him are not ill-written, but they contain nothing that is likely to create much interest in them beyond the circle of his artist friends. His fame, such as it is, rests mainly on his frescoes and drawings; he never attained much reputation as an oil painter.

The biography of the philanthropist Karl Schütze† is rather a favourable specimen of the class of edifying biographies. It is lifelike in its details, and not disfigured either by party spirit or by an over-anxious desire to improve the narrative to the reader's benefit. It will be more interesting to us in England than to his own countrymen, from the glimpses it opens of German life of many different kinds. His career was a very chequered one. His father was a miniature painter in the china works at Meissen, and he was one of a large family. His prospects were poor enough in Germany, and he had the courage to resolve on emigration at a time (1796) when it was a much rarer and more adventurous undertaking than it is now. He set sail for Philadelphia as a 'tween-decks passenger, with no sort of assured prospect before him except a formal recommendation to a mercantile house, which, when he arrived, had failed. A mere chance procured him employment as clerk in another house, and under their auspices he displayed that marvellous facility for making money which seems to be inherent in men who begin with nothing at all. After a time, he came to England, and by the help of Napoleon's Continental system, which placed enormous prizes within the reach of those who were lucky enough to evade it, he amassed a considerable fortune. With this he returned to his native Saxony as soon as the war was over, bought an estate, and betook himself to the life of a country gentleman. He lived on for more than forty years, taking considerable part in public affairs, and actively assisting to alleviate the misery which for many years continued to press on Germany in consequence of Napoleon's devastations. As a public man, he distinguished himself chiefly by the part he took in freeing the land of Saxony from feudal burdens. In private, his principal activity was devoted to education. He interested himself very keenly in the alleviation of the sufferings of the blind, and founded the Royal Institution for the Blind in Dresden, of which his biographer is the director.

The numerous fraternity of Freemasons has always attracted more attention than other Friendly Societies of the same character, both on account of its mysterious pretensions and also because of the difficulty which the world has experienced in understanding why so many estimable persons should take so much trouble

and go through so many ceremonies about duties of so very routine and commonplace a character. Accordingly, they have had a surfeit of historians. One set have employed their ingenuity in inventing all kinds of lofty pedigrees and recondite relationships; and they, by a natural law, have called into existence an equally strong body of writers zealous to dissipate such pretensions. M. Findel, though a very zealous brother, belongs to the iconoclastic division. His history,\* of which only the first volume has as yet come out, is a laborious performance, but will be bitter to the vanity of enthusiastic masons. He will not hear of the antique descent. One historian of the Order, writing under the sanction of some Grand Lodge or other, modestly traces its origin to Adam, who taught his sons to apply geometry to the arts, and communicated to them the secret sign. But this moderation is by no means universally observed. The learned Mr. Oliver carries back the origin of Freemasonry, as the Welsh prince did his pedigree, to a period antecedent to that of the Creation; and he records, as a matter of history, that Moses was a Grand Master, Joshua his deputy, and Aholiab and Bezaleel Grand Wardens. Others find the Freemasons in the Temple-building of Solomon, others among the Druids, others in Herculaneum. Indeed, wherever there is an unexplained piece of stonework, the view seems to be that it must be looked on as Freemasons' work, until it is proved to be somebody else's. All these legends M. Findel looks on with contempt. He will not even give in to the milder theories of a relationship between the mystic rites of the present brotherhood and those which were practised in the Temple of Serapis, or among the followers of Pythagoras. He prefers the vulgar theory that the founders of Freemasonry were nothing but vulgar masons after all—in fact, very little else than a Trades Union. One of the earliest notices of them in English history is a statute against them in the reign of Henry VI., of which the motive was said to be that they combined to raise the rate of wages. In the middle ages, society spontaneously crystallized itself into the form of exclusive and closely organized corporations; and the workers in stone, whose occupation naturally brought them together in large masses, obeyed the general impulse. The monks, who were their chief employers, communicated something of a religious colour to their organization, and infected them with a greedy taste for fables. They seem to have organized themselves naturally under the wing of the convents by whose exertions they were gathered together. The idea that their original formation was closely connected with great ecclesiastical buildings is favoured by the fact that they first made their appearance in various places in the course of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the varied religious revivals of that age, crusading and monastic, had generated a mania for magnificent church building. Though the author—following many predecessors who have taken the same view—labours to destroy the absurd pretensions of the masons to a high antiquity and an organization ramifying over the world, he at least rescues their fraternity from Dr. Hengstenberg's still more absurd imputation of having been created at the beginning of the last century for the purpose of propagating Deism.

A memorial issued by the Berlin "Council of Gymnastics" (*Turnrath*)† is a curious exemplification of the extremities to which men will resort to gratify their natural taste for a faction fight when a paternal police prevents their gratifying it on the ordinary subjects of contention. If you collect a number of people to look after the paving of a road or the mending of a pump, they will forthwith split into two parties, and provide themselves with all the necessary apparatus of party leaders, party questions, and whippers-in. The contest that is raging among the athletes of Berlin is as strong an example as could be found. There is a national party and an anti-national party among the devotees of the noble art of gymnastics. The national, or German party, uses an extensive apparatus; the Swedish, or anti-national party, looks upon apparatus with contempt. Provided with these two vital points of difference, the antagonists find it very easy to get up a quarrel, and do not spare each other in debate. The Swedes accuse their adversaries of encouraging "corporeal sophistry," whatever that may mean; and reproach them with Sand's murder of Kotzebue, and the murder of Lichnowsky at Frankfort by some member of a gymnastic association, as the legitimate consequence of their gymnastic views. The Germans retort by accusing their adversaries of "theoretical pedantry," of sitting at the feet of Hegel and trying to found their gymnastics upon philosophical phrases, of "spirit-killing monotony," and of "mechanical, soulless somatics (*somatik*).". They claim, on the contrary, for their own national system, that it "issues from life itself," that it produces "fresh youth-life," and "awakens courage, confidence, love to each other and to fatherland." The real subject of irritation which finds its vent in all this magnificent language is that when the late King of Prussia, in 1842, revived the gymnastic associations—which, in consequence of Kotzebue's death and other similar scandals, had been for many years under the ban of Governments—he very characteristically selected the most pedantic of the various com-

\* Alfred Rethel, *Blätter der Erinnerung*. Von Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† Karl Heinrich Ferdinand Schütze auf Schweta. Ein Bild seines Lebens. Von Dr. Georgi. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

\* Geschichte der Freimaurerei: von der Zeit ihres Entstehens bis auf die Gegenwart. Von J. G. Findel. Leipzig: Luppe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† Die Deutsche Turnkunst und die Ling-Rothsteinsche Gymnastik. Zweite Denkschrift der Berliner Turnrathes. Berlin: Gärtner. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

petitors for his favour. The Ling system, which had been brought over from Sweden by a Prussian officer named Rothstein, satisfied his admiration for first principles, and accordingly received the patronage of the State. This memorial is an earnest attempt to obtain the reversal of this unpatriotic preference. To judge by the length of the words the parties use on both sides, the contest is an animated one; but the following compound which belongs to the Ling-Rothstein vocabulary is a curiosity in modern times, and almost beats anything in Aristophanes—*Streckklatterspaltschenkelgegentiekrummende Ruckenerbung*.

A volume of prison statistics,\* published by Hertz of Berlin, will be useful to prison reformers and philanthropists in this country. It contains the usual statistical tables of expenses, nature of crimes, punishments, and so forth. They appear to be rather more elaborate than similar tables are in England, and in some respects they are drawn up on a rather better system. The division of crimes, for instance, into crimes from interest and crimes from passion, conveys a good deal more to the mind of the reader than the minute legal divisions of our own tables. After the statistics comes a detailed account of the arrangements of the thirty-six penal prisons in the Prussian dominions, and a summary of their experience in such questions as the reformation of criminals, the proportion of juveniles, and so forth. It is a book which at least all public libraries ought to possess. It belongs to a class to which literary students pay little attention in this country, and which are consequently very hard to get at—the statistical publications of foreign Governments. Yet, in many points relating to details of administration, we have at least as much to learn from foreign Governments as they have to learn from us in point of great political principles.

The sixth volume of Dr. Schnausse's History of Art† has appeared. It includes the period from the beginning of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. The first half of the volume is devoted to architecture, the latter half to painting and sculpture. The author's knowledge and range of subject is in no degree limited by his nationality, though Germany of course receives the amplest treatment. The English chapter is very tolerably complete, and shows a thorough familiarity with all the best English examples. Of course the ground on which he treads throughout is honeycombed with controversy, and very few people are likely to agree in all his conclusions. We doubt, for instance, how far constitutional historians of England will accept the theory that the rigidity and want of originality peculiar to the Third Pointed style arose from the more despotic colour our institutions began to assume in the reign of Edward III. The Doctor's view is that the great buildings of that era differed from the great buildings of former eras in that they were built by forced labour, not by free, and that the architecture drew its spirit from the spirit of the craftsmen employed about it. Did serfdom, then, originate in the reign of Edward III? A good deal of value, however, is added to the work by the plan of trying to find, in the changed spirit and circumstances of each generation, the secret of any changes in its art, though the above is an extreme example. There is a very good account, among others, of the German mystics in this connexion. The illustrations, which are numerous, are praiseworthy from their absolute freedom from ambition. They do not attempt to be pictures; they are satisfied, in general, with being simple elevations.

Dr. Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Gospel of St. John‡ is a book of a kind which it would not be becoming to criticise in these columns. We can do no more than notice the appearance of the first half of it. It makes no pretensions to be a scientific book. In fact, the author professes to have written it on the ground that, for the purposes both of preaching and of personal edification, a commentary was needed which should lay all controversy on one side. A commentary which is a catalogue of difficulties and disputes may be useful in a scientific point of view, but is more likely to foster doubt than devotion in those who require a commentary as an aid to their own religious feelings. Accordingly, the author starts on the principle of assuming as true all that he believes (we are speaking of great fundamental questions) without proving it, and ignoring the fierce polemical battles that have been fought on almost every inch of ground over which he passes.

German pamphlets, as a rule, excite too little interest in England to be worth more than a passing notice. An attempt to reconcile the existence of the Pope with the freedom of Italy, by Dr. Karl Hase,§ is, unhappily, even more of an anachronism now than it was when the pamphlet was first published.

The *Prussian-English Alliance in the Seven Years' War*|| is a spirited attempt to favour such an alliance in any future war by

\* *Mittheilungen aus den amtlichen Berichten über die zum Ministerium des Innern Gehörenden Königlich Preussischen Straf- und Gefängnissanstalten betreffend die Jahre 1858-60.* Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Geschichte der Bildende Künste.* Von Dr. Karl Schnausse. Sechster Band. Düsseldorf: Buddeus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Das Evangelium des heiligen Johannes erläutert.* Von E. W. Hengstenberg. Berlin: Schlawitz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

§ *Der Papst und Italien.* Von Dr. Karl Hase. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

|| *Das Preussische-Englische Bündnis im Siebenjährigen Kriege.* Ein Vortrag von Dr. A. Schäfer. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

a complimentary narrative of England's performances when, a hundred years ago, she befriended Prussia in her utmost need. Professor Schäfer is Professor of History in the University of Greifswald, and therefore his historical *dicta* deserve respect. But he surely rather abuses the authority of his chair when he represents the Seven Years' War as a religious crusade undertaken by the Courts of Vienna and Versailles for the purpose of extirpating Protestantism.

A *Lance for Turkey*,\* by L. Gertschek, appears to be analogous to those flowery descriptions of New Zealand and South Australia which, by some mysterious coincidence, used to appear at the very time when associations were forming to enable the simple-minded in England to carry into action the enthusiasm which the said works told them they ought to feel. Colonization societies are a profitable branch of industry in Germany, and do not disdain the aid of literature; and Turkey has lately been a favourite object of such schemes. M. Gertschek entertains very sanguine hopes with respect to the future of the Turkish Empire, and a very favourable view of the excellencies of Turkish authorities and Turkish laws. If there is anything that is wrong, it is in the finance; and that is, of course, entirely due to the selfish machinations of England. These machinations appear to have consisted in the procuring of a treaty by which imports are admitted into Turkey under a low tariff. Spite of this reproach, he claims great praise for Turkey on the ground of her trade being free.

We may conclude with noticing two pamphlets,† written in the English language—one by a Dane, and the other by a German—which will give any English reader who is courageous enough to venture into that question fair idea of the Schleswig-Holstein—or rather the Schleswig—question. In each there are many appeals to historical events which every one knows have had no share whatever in producing the present complication, and which will not have the faintest influence upon either of the combatants in the struggle. The real bone of contention is the language. How so slight a dialectic difference can create so wide an excitement is puzzling enough to Englishmen, who have seen even the inflammable Irish patiently lay aside their own mother-tongue, with all the traditions that are linked to it, and accept in its stead the language of those whom they call their oppressors. Every nation must have its patriotic idol; but the German language is rather an uncouth deity to worship.

\* *Eine Lance für die Türkei.* Von L. Gertschek, Nebst einem Anhang das Colonisations-patent für Türkei enthaltend. Berlin: Ohneiska. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *An Outline of the State of Things in Schleswig-Holstein.* By Karl Blind. London: Trübner and Co. 1861.

*The Nationality of Schleswig.* By Charles Augustus Gotsch, Mag. Cand. of the University of Copenhagen. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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